

THE *Marconi* COMPANIES
AND THEIR PEOPLE



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CRAFTSMANSHIP. Making a cricket bat. The blade has been shaped from a cleft of willow with a draw knife. The handle, which is made of fourteen sections of Sarawak Cane, has been fitted and glued, and the shoulder is now being finished off

THE MARCONI COMPANIES AND THEIR PEOPLE

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This month's front cover shows Marconi at his desk in Marconi House, Strand, 1926

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Marconi House, Strand, August 1924. The home of 2LO

MARCONI

Random Recollections

BY L. J. KING

APRIL 25TH IS THE anniversary of the birthday of our illustrious founder, His Excellency the late Marchese Marconi, G.C.V.O., LL.D., D.Sc., and on 1 January last the Registered Offices of the Marconi Group of Companies were moved to their old home in Marconi House, Strand, London, W.C.2. The coincidence of these two important events has inspired the suggestion that maybe some reminiscences of Marchese Marconi's association with Marconi House might recall memories of the old days to those who worked there, and give some impressions of the man to others who did not have the privilege of his acquaintance.

Many more competent writers than I have already chronicled the technical achievements of both Marconi and the Company's engineers during the years between 1912 and 1933, but as one of the few remaining members of the Management who were closely and personally associated with him during those days, I have been asked to record some of the hitherto unwritten incidents. I accepted the suggestion with alacrity and pride, but I must confess that as the result of sober reflection I have come to the conclusion that some of the "best stories" must still remain unwritten.

Marconi, it is necessary to explain, carried his responsibilities with such a degree of sincerity that one could have been forgiven for believing him entirely devoid of humour—in fact, one could easily find reason to regard him as curt and off-hand. Actually, he was much more human in outlook than he appeared. He liked to pretend that he was averse to getting into the Marconi

House lift with any member of the staff whom he did not know personally, and derived much quiet amusement from the extreme tact and ability of Bert Wheeler (still an active Marconi man) who, as the liftman at the time, went to great trouble to see that there were no "awkward moments". Somehow, by a method I was never able to fathom, Wheeler achieved his aim without ever appearing to have to dispose of unwanted bodies!

On the other hand, when the yacht *Elettra* was lying at Cowes on one occasion, Marconi's experimental work was being interrupted too frequently by people coming aboard uninvited and asking to be shown round. He was flattered that such interest was being displayed in his work, but disliked the intrusions. On one such occasion, a distinguished party was being shown over the yacht by the Chief Officer. In accordance with tradition, the helmsman of the pinnace which had brought them aboard was standing waiting on the deck at the top of the companion-way. One can imagine the helmsman's feelings when he was approached by Marconi and asked why he had not accompanied the party on the tour of inspection. Perhaps the helmsman saw the familiar twinkle in his eye, for he admitted that he would enjoy being allowed to have a look round. Marconi immediately posted one of the yacht's sailors as relief and personally conducted the slightly dazed helmsman alone round the yacht! And he took pains to make it obvious that he intended the main party to remain with the Chief Officer whilst he kept the bewildered helmsman to himself!



Marconi with the Marchesa and friends on board the Elettra in 1934. On the left of the picture is a direction-finding receiving aerial

Writing of the yacht *Elettra* recalls to my mind the occasion of the Schneider Trophy Race when the yacht was lying in Southampton Water and I was invited to enjoy a grandstand view of the race from the deck. For some reason which I cannot now remember I was unable to accept, but Captain Daly accepted. He was the Marine Superintendent of the Marconi Marine Company, and what a character! He told me subsequently of his experience. As will be remembered, the race was fought out between British and Italian pilots and the British planes won. Those who knew Captain Daly can imagine his exuberance at our victory and the enthusiasm he undoubtedly displayed, but when the cheering had died away he realised to his dismay that he was the only one in the *Elettra* who was pleased with the result! For the rest of the day he had to suppress his elation, and when he went to his bunk he suffered nightmares of Italian planes dive-bombing him from great heights, and he told me that he could

not dispel the thought that Italians were experts in the use of the stiletto.

I really must tell another story about Captain Daly, who, besides being greatly respected and admired by everyone, was *persona grata* with Marconi. The occasion was a funeral which both he and the Marchese were to attend. On the morning in question I was called to Marconi's office to adjudicate on the suitability of the Captain's silk topper. Both were resplendently attired in morning dress, but Marconi did not approve of Captain Daly's headgear. One did not need to be a sartorial expert to agree that the shape of his hat was "pre-historic" and, anyway, it was far too small. The Captain and I were despatched to Dunn's hatshop in the Strand to purchase something more suitable. So together we "rolled" down the Strand—the Captain always rolled—and I am conscious even now of the intense curiosity of the passers-by. I don't know whether it is still the habit of Dunn's assistants but at that time they wore

morning dress, and I can still picture the consternation with which one of them came forward to greet us. The Captain's need was made known, and his hat removed from his head by the assistant with an air of disdain which I fear I shall never see again. Measurements were taken with a tape, and a beautiful new topper was produced, but alas, it was much too big and sank down over the Captain's ears. This infuriated him, particularly as he remained unconvinced that there was anything the matter with his own hat. He lectured the assistant and told him, amongst other things, that he couldn't expect to get proper measurements by taking a tape "for a turn round the deck" instead of taking "a sounding fore and aft and athwartships"! Eventually a fit was achieved and the end of the episode appeared to be in sight. Then the price was announced! To record politely all that was said is beyond me. The Captain asked for a penknife. The frigid assistant said he did not carry one, and was then subjected to an admonition—no respectable young man should be caught without a jack-knife, a length of string, and a shilling. When at last a knife was produced, the Captain skilfully removed the leather head-band from inside his

own hat and presented it to the assistant, jammed the hat on his head (admittedly it didn't look quite so small now) and swept out of the shop with me following in his wake like a destroyer escort.

It was one of my duties to meet Marconi at Victoria Station when he arrived from the Continent and, similarly, I accompanied him to Victoria when he departed. That may sound uninteresting, but, believe me, something invariably occurred to make such missions memorable for me. Always the stationmaster would dress in his full regalia, and officers from the Italian Embassy in London would be on parade. Apart from pomp and ceremony, arrivals were not particularly noteworthy, but departures were a different kettle of fish. There was always an air of tension and expectancy. Had the usual special coupé been reserved for him on the train? Surely there must be something missing or would be clumsily handled? A particular letter which he had expected would fail to arrive, and so on. In due time, all these matters became settled and equanimity was restored. An awkward silence would follow and to break it someone would volunteer the hope that he would enjoy a comfortable journey. Suddenly, to the intense relief

Marconi with some of his apparatus on board the Elettra





Marconi with Godfrey Isaacs, Managing Director of the Company from 1910 to 1924

of all a whistle would sound, hurried farewells would follow. The moment of departure had arrived. But alas, the whistle which had sounded was merely to speed another train on its journey and we remained as we were, again engulfed in an even more embarrassing silence! On one such occasion I was instructed to purchase some suitable literature for the Marchesa to read on the journey. I did not then know her very well, but I decided that to suit her station in life nothing less elegant than *The Sphere*, *The Tatler*, *The Lady*, and such like periodicals were suitable. The Marchesa looked through my purchases and threw them on the carriage seat, then she hooked her arm through mine and led me back to the station bookstall and asked me to buy—*The Passing Show*, *London Life*, and many other similar publications. From that moment, I felt that I had got to know her very well!

These reminiscences would not be complete without some reference to

Alfonso Marconi, elder brother of the Marchese. Most of us remember him rather as a somewhat nervous elderly gentleman with failing eyesight, but in his younger days he was a very accomplished pen and ink artist and he was an ardent collector of stringed musical instruments. When I visited his villa in Rapallo I was amazed to see his collection and I was even more astonished to learn that he not only collected musical instruments but that he also made them. He had a very fine and valuable assortment of violins, mandolins, and guitars. Just one story about Alfonso. In the early days of broadcasting he occupied a flat in the West End of London. He knew little or nothing of the technique of wireless but he was very interested in reception. He bought and installed a valve receiver with a directional frame aerial fitted to the cabinet. Judged by present standards the reception was atrocious, but his only complaint was that the volume of sound from the trumpet shaped loudspeaker was deafening. Because I had been a seagoing wireless operator (Radio Officer nowadays!) I was credited with a comprehensive knowledge of broadcast technique. My experience at sea during World War I had been limited to magnetic detectors and various types of crystal receivers, and I confessed to Mr. Alfonso that I knew nothing of the mysteries of thermionic valves. Nevertheless, I was obliged to carry out an inspection at which it was demonstrated to me that the loudspeaker volume was unbearable. What I found intolerable was the bad crackling and noises due, I think, to electrical interference from the lift-gear. Although I repeatedly protested that I could do nothing to improve matters, the little technical knowledge which I had suffered a rude shock when Alfonso suggested that I should disconnect and remove the frame aerial from the cabinet of the receiver and re-install it on the roof of the flat, as far away as possible from



The author's wife with Alfonso Marconi, the inventor's elder brother

the receiver so as to reduce the strength of the signals! Fortunately, since those days broadcasting receiver technique has become an open book to so many that my "expert" knowledge is no longer sought!

My mind turns now to Giulio Marconi, the present Marchese Marconi and son of our founder, who is now President of our Italian Company, and to Degna Marconi, the eldest daughter, who is now the wife of an Officer of the Italian Embassy in Washington. But I really don't think they would like to be reminded of some of their more youthful escapades!

One sad day when Marconi was in London he was ordered by his physician to enter a nursing home for a complete rest and I was entrusted with the task of doing what I could for him to make a period of inactivity as tolerable as possible. This I did to the best of my ability, and I visited him daily to take him his letters and to receive his instructions. I saw to it that he had a telephone beside his bed and a portable broadcast receiver within reach. Daily newspapers literally covered his bed and, assuredly, there was no need for him to feel neglected. Imagine my surprise when I read in the Press that Marconi, who

had enabled the four corners of the world to be linked together by wireless, was now forced by ill-health to isolate himself from the results of his achievements. According to the newspapers, no visitors were allowed, except a trusted and confidential envoy (me, presumably!) from the famous Companies he had created. No newspapers, no telephone, and definitely no wireless. I found that the perpetrator of this highly incorrect statement was my colleague W. G. Richards, then Publicity Manager, who was quite unperturbed at my protestations. According to him it was a "good story"; and that was that. Marconi had the highest regard for Mr. Richards and, to my intense relief, he accepted "the story" and, indeed, entered wholeheartedly into the deception. But fulfilment became increasingly difficult. There were many callers to the nursing home and I was told to get rid of most of them. A few, however, were allowed in but first it became necessary to remove incriminating evidence. The telephone had to be hidden underneath

Marconi with his wife and daughter leaving the nursing home after his illness





Marconi with J. S. Kemp and P. W. Paget at Marconi House on the 20th anniversary of the transmissions across the Atlantic from Poldhu to St. John's Newfoundland, 12 December 1901

the bed; the wireless set had to be disguised; the newspapers had to be concealed and then, and not until then, was the visitor admitted. Marconi played his part in conversation. He would protest at the enforced isolation and complain that he was deliberately kept out of touch with current affairs. Often he would ask topical questions with which he was fully conversant—even more so perhaps than they!

Finally, a word about Marconi House. To many of us it brings back memories of happy days. The Marconi Companies were in occupation from 1912 until 1933 and of Sheridan House (adjoining) from 1919 to 1933. I had no occasion to revisit the building from 1933 until just before the premises were given up by the Ministry of Works last year, and then I had the pleasure of acting as escort to Sir George Nelson, our chairman. If I had any feelings like "the old boy" revisiting his school they were immediately dispelled the moment I entered. Nothing really had changed in the intervening years except, of course, the absence of familiar faces. We started our tour on the seventh floor and

I could visualise quite clearly C. S. Franklin and J. G. Robb ceaselessly pacing the long, narrow room which they shared, always deep in thought but never in collision!

Captain Round ought to be about somewhere and the penetrating voice of Bill Bailey might be expected at any minute. This floor is historic too, as the birthplace of 2LO, but that is another story. The sixth floor seemed a little strange without Bill Holloway (one-time resident housekeeper) uttering his famous greeting, "Good Morning, Mr. Marconi, Sir", and the absence of R. H. White (Purchasing Controller), Colonel Clay and John Gardner of Relay Automatic Telephone Co., and D. W. Spooner of Marconi Code Co. Then, of course, there should be W. M. Sampson and "Billy" Howe of the Transport Department. On the fifth floor, I remembered W. W. Bradfield, F. S. Hayburn, R. Ferguson, Joe Lewis, Archie Harding, Commander Slec, Commander Bindloss, and Harold Watterson, Bill Platt and, Jim Connell and—oh yes, the landing where we poor radio operators were obliged to sit for hours and wait for

instructions to despatch us to ships sailing to every port in the world: the buzzer on which our names were laboriously spelt out in the Morse Code by ham-fisted executives! This floor was the home of the Marconi Marine Company and its associates. On descending to the fourth floor I recollected R. N. Vyvyan, C. E. Rickard, F. Stacey, and H. Ewen, T. H. Melville and W. B. Cole. Then, of course, there were Colonel Childs, H. C. Van de Velde and J. M. Furnival, I. Shoenberg, F. C. Topham, and "Bill" Nottage—incidentally Mr. Topham is now back again in his old room. The third floor revived memories of Marconi and his office decorated in "Mediterranean blue": Magrini, his debonair private secretary, Sidney St. J. Steadman (one of the directors), Andrew Gray, H. M. Dowsett, Pat Iddon, Teddy Hobbs (my one-time "boss"), and, across the balcony, Uncle Arthur Burrows and W. G. Richards. During our walk across the balcony we looked down to the floor below which, although reputed to be the original ballroom, had always been impressed on my mind as the home of the Accountant's Department with rows of high, old-fashioned sloping topped desks. But what a transformation—for the first time (and probably the last) I saw it as a ballroom. It was magnificent and inviting. The floor was clean and polished; a dais had been erected to accommodate a grand piano and a dance orchestra; coloured spot-lights were in position and gaily coloured streamers and balloons were suspended above. Tables and chairs were set around the perimeter. We descended to the second floor and walked into the ballroom which we were informed had been prepared for a staff Christmas party. We were shown into the small room leading off the ballroom, which was used during our occupation as a storeroom for account ledgers. When the door was opened I expected to see the usual dingy,

dark and somewhat dusty interior. But no! it was fitted out as a most luxurious and up-to-date cocktail lounge. Alas, although obviously it was fully stocked, everything was securely under lock and key! I turned away with the feeling that some fortunate ones were going to have a jolly good party. Making our way to the front of the second floor we came to the office occupied for so long by H. W. Allen (the first secretary and latterly the Deputy Managing Director) and the old Board Room. What a host of memories are associated with the Board Room—dark days in the history of the Companies and, fortunately, good days. Names like these became confused in my mind—Godfrey Isaacs, F. G. Kellaway, Lord Herschell, M. A. Bramston, Lord Inverforth, Captain Sankey, Dr. O'Malley, Dr. Sherlock, Henry Morgan, Alfonso Marconi, Sir William Slingo, Colonel Simpson, and H. A. White and many others. Down to the first floor, and again more memories. Besides Godfrey Isaacs, F. G. Kellaway, Colonel Simpson, and H. A. White I remembered A. H. Ginman, Major Alley, George Turnbull, Ronnie Balfour, Peter Lindsay, Miss Field, Miss Eddyvean, and of course C. J. Ketteridge, our late Registrar, and J. C. Bizley, our present Registrar. Then there was the Secretariat—H. W. Corby, Freddie Atkin, Alec Ogle, B. O. Collis, and E. K. Jenkins. But enough. We descended to the ground floor and to the basement and finally out into the street. It was a most enjoyable visit.

We have now resumed occupation and we are to share it with our English Electric friends who, I regret, will never be able to share with us the poignant memories that are bound to linger in the minds of "Marconi Veterans". The work of modernisation and redecoration which is now going on may eventually dim our recollections of the past, but it will certainly convert a somewhat dull, but lovable, building into a magnificent block of administrative offices.

"Over to you"

BY W. CDR. STANFORD-TUCK, D.S.O., D.F.C.

I WAS SENT OVER to Aldergrove in Northern Ireland by the Manager of the Aeronautical Division in order to hold a watching brief and see that all was well with the Marconi radio equipment fitted in the Canberra, before it took off on its flight to Newfoundland.

I duly arrived at Aldergrove on the night of Friday, 15 February. I expected that the Canberra would take off from Warton, land at Aldergrove on the Saturday or Sunday, and, after a general check, would be refueled and fly on to Gander. However, this take-off date was delayed. On the Tuesday, soon after leaving Warton a seagull collided with the aircraft and made a large hole in the starboard leading edge approximately midway between the fuselage and the starboard engine.

When Squadron-Leader Callard landed at Aldergrove, I was of course

unaware that the seagull had gone through the wing, but as he taxied towards me he waved through the cockpit canopy, and gave me the thumbs-down sign. I knew then that something was wrong. As soon as he swung round and put on his brakes I saw the large hole in the leading edge, and realised that this would mean delay.

However, the English Electric servicing team immediately got to work to cut away the jagged edges of metal, and working right through the night under arc lamps in the hangar, fitted a completely new patch on the wing. It was discovered that inside the wing a section of piping had also been slightly damaged, and during the night, while the wing surface was being repaired, Peter Hillwood, one of the English Electric test pilots, flew back to Warton to collect a new pipe.

The Canberra taking off

By courtesy of "Flight"





Group Captain Blunt (left), Station Commander at Aldergrove, and Wing-Commander Stanford-Tuck wish God-speed to Squadron-Leader Callard

By courtesy of "The Aeroplane"

By ten o'clock the next morning the aircraft was being wheeled out of the hangar.

The engines were run up and checked, and all was well. They were switched off and the job of refuelling started. It was a lengthy business pumping hundreds of gallons of paraffin into the plane's tanks. However, by about 11.45 this job was finished and the aircraft ready to go.

Press photographers and newsreel men took pictures and recordings, and Squadron-Leader Callard, pilot, Flight-Lieutenant Robson, radio operator, and Flight Lieutenant Haskett, navigator, climbed into the cockpit amid farewells and good wishes. The door slammed, and the aircraft moved off to the runway. It was towed into take-off position to save fuel.

The engines were again started and opened up to high revs with the brakes full on, and a few seconds later the brakes were released and the aircraft rushed forward. The pilot held her a few feet off the runway for the whole length of it in order to attain high flying speed

before climbing, because of the heavy load of fuel.

I was standing about half-way down the runway, and the noise as the aircraft rushed past a few feet away was absolutely deafening. Standing on my left was Charles Gardner, who was making a recorded commentary on the take-off for the B B C.

As soon as I saw the aircraft climb into the clouds I ran to the telephone and got straight through to Mr. Sweny at Chelmsford, told him that the aircraft had taken off at 12.43 G.M.T., and gave him the frequencies that the radio operator was using.

I was very pleased to learn later that Mr. Sweny and other members of the Company, including C. L. Fenton of the Aeronautical Division, who is a fully qualified radio officer and also an enthusiastic "Ham" (holder of an amateur transmitting licence), had listened to Flight-Lieutenant Robson's transmissions throughout the flight—the fastest east to west crossing of the Atlantic.

St. Albans Children's Party

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL and gratifying Social and Sports Club function so far organised took place Saturday, 3 March, when 140 members' children attended a party in the new canteen at Longacres. At one time an annual event, the party was discontinued as it became difficult to find a home for it and summer outings to the seaside took its place. Now we are "under our own roof" the affair has taken on a glitter it never had before: collaboration between catering staff and helpers was smooth and efficient, the good things to eat were all they should be, the toys were high quality and in ample quantity, the cabaret of conjuring, ballet, and films filled a grand bill of entertainment and the children were happy and easy to handle as a result.

For the grown-ups most entertainment was provided, of course, by the children. There was the small boy who insisted that his Dad was chief of Marconi's and that he was "just going to see that everything was all right", implementing this statement by making an inspection in the true commanding officer fashion. Later, when using strong arm methods to obtain what he wanted, he was quickly demoted by an "overwhelming force" of stewards. Twelve-year-old boys were not particularly interested in ballet as such but thought the dancing girls were a "bit of all right". Then there was the toddler who, when asked by Mrs. Pugh if she wanted anything else to eat, replied: "Yes please—fish and chips".

During Cyril Clarke's conjuring act it was difficult to determine just who was

One hundred and forty children take the cake, the jelly, chocolate, ice-cream, and lemonade. And that was only the start of the children's party in the new canteen at St. Albans





Can-canteen. The Margaret Hoare School of Dancing entertain

doing the conjuring for piles of sandwiches, biscuits, cakes, and glasses of lemonade were vanishing from the running buffet as inexplicably as the handkerchiefs and rabbits.

The General Manager, Mr. J. M. Furnival, and Mrs. Furnival, visited the party and expressed their satisfaction with the arrangements. Bouquets are in order for: Mrs. Wells, catering manageress, for the splendid tea she provided with the assistance of Mr. Squires, chef; Leslie Sargent, Development, for his talkie film show; Cyril Clarke, the conjuror; the Margaret Hoare School of Dancing, and the band of willing helpers: Miss Fenwick, Dinah Ede, Miss D. Houghton, Mrs. Brewin, Mrs. Barker, Mrs. Pugh, Mrs. Woodward, and Mrs. Lucas.

Tailpiece: Little Bernard Everett was heard to enquire, as he left the party, "Will there be another one next Saturday?"

G L



Perfect! Subject composition and lighting all contribute to this photographer's dream. Denise Meraldi takes her present from "Santa" Barker and gives Ron Carter the perfect picture

TV TUBES IN LT TUBES

UNWARY HUSBANDS out for a quiet evening away from their wives in London's West End were laid open to the direst penalties on the night of 21 February when Television cameras penetrated into the London Transport Underground system.

The B.B.C. used three Marconi cameras for this outside broadcast, adding yet another achievement to the impressive list of unusual O.B.'s to the credit of Marconi cameras.

Chosen as a typical Underground Station, Piccadilly Circus is the destined focal point of countless millions of Londoners and tourists. This factor, although assuring a continuous flow of passengers during the programme, made the installation of the equipment an extremely complicated task. B.B.C. engineers were unable to install their equipment during the day and had to use the brief four hours between midnight and dawn when the station was closed. The equipment had also to be removed when the station was closed and the installation engineers completed a marathon performance in order

that the programme might go on the air.

To all intents and purposes 21 February was no different from any other day to the regular users of the Tube service and many of the milling, bustling, crowds were blissfully unaware of the presence of live TV cameras.

One of these was partially concealed behind a steel-grey awning near the top of the escalators, one situated halfway down the main escalators, and a third installed on No. 4 Platform.

Produced by Alan Chivers, the commentaries and interviews were conducted by Brian Johnston, who, in the course of the programme, conducted many interesting and completely unrehearsed interviews in quick succession, including a station bill-poster, an Australian tourist visiting the Mother Country for the first time, and a city business-man off for a quiet half-hour in his club.

A very hazardous and difficult production from the technical standpoint, the clarity of the pictures obtained was of the high quality always associated with our cameras.

Marconi television camera in Piccadilly Underground



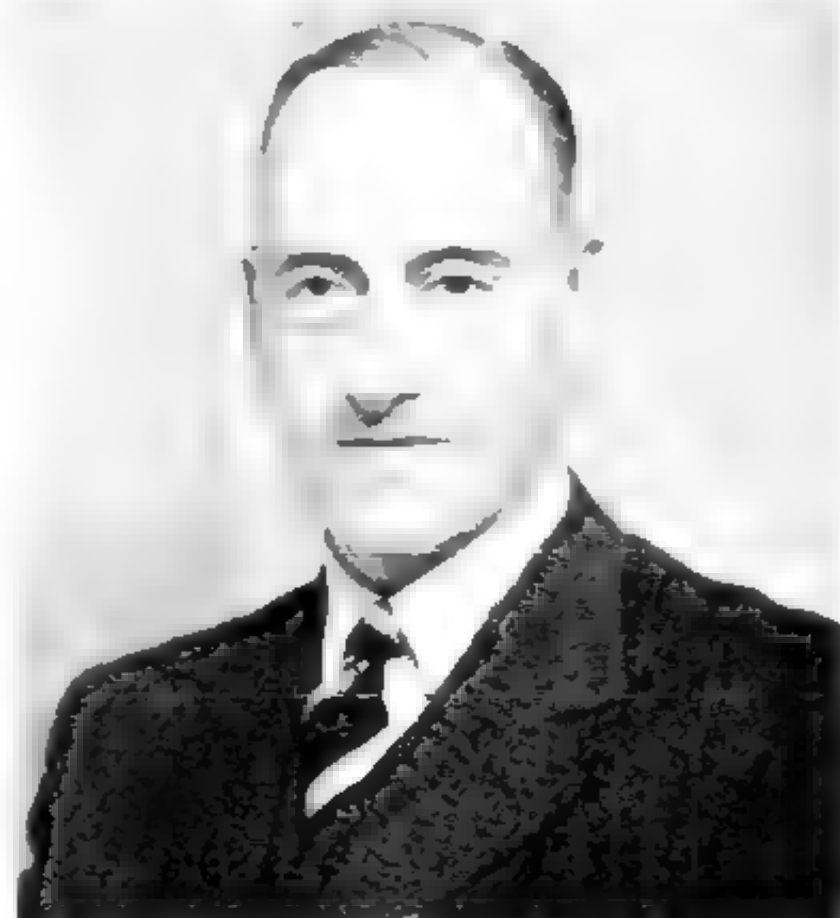
"I WAS THERE"

The First Regular Transatlantic Flight

BY L. A. SWENY

I LISTENED WITH excitement to the radio signals sent with unfailing regularity by Flight-Lieutenant Robson as he made the fastest crossing of the Atlantic in the *Canberra*, and I thought of an evening early in July 1937 when I was one of a group of people who, from the deck of a launch, watched the Imperial Airways' flying boat *Caledonia* take off from the River Shannon at Foynes on the first regular east-west crossing of the Atlantic. The skipper of the aircraft was Captain Wilcockson, even then a veteran airline pilot, and among the crew was T. G. Vallette, an engineer of this Company's Aircraft Department. This story is really his. Unfortunately he is no longer with us to tell it himself, and in doing so I fulfil the double duty of relating the bare facts of an historic occasion and of paying a tribute to one of the finest aircraft radio installation engineers who ever let out a trailing aerial, one whose name is still mentioned with respect and affection among the old-timers in air radio.

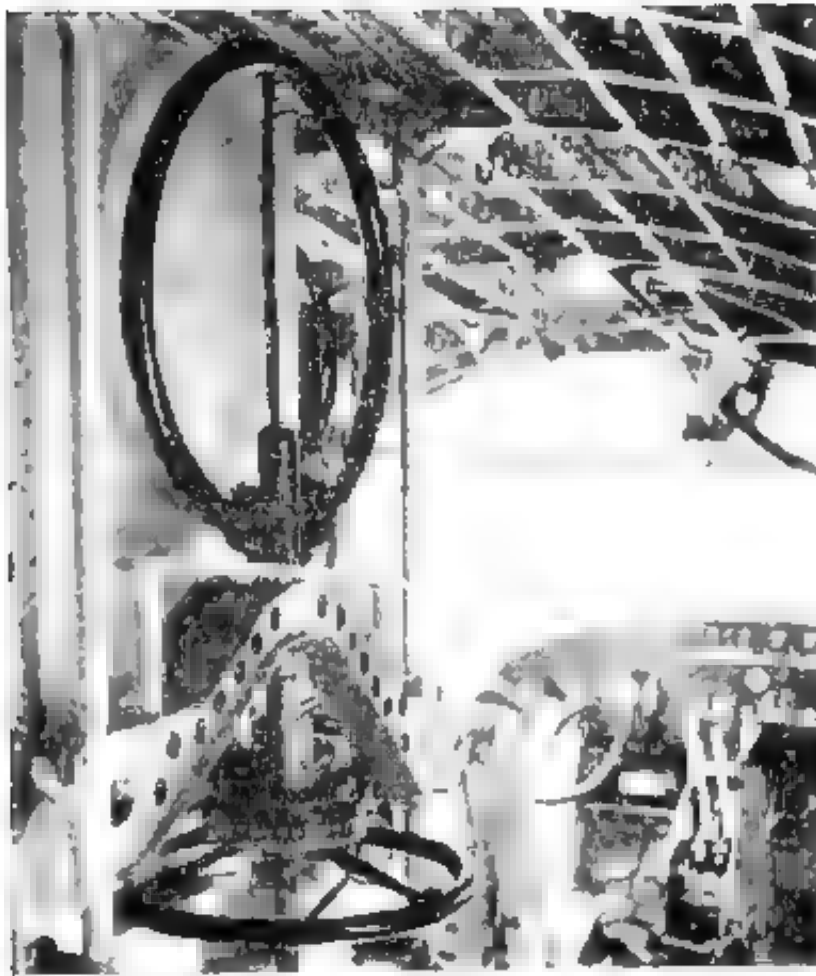
Early in 1937, the need for a new type of airborne communication set was made known to the Company by Imperial Airways, and it was whispered that it would be a feather in the Company's cap if this equipment could be produced in time for the first regular transatlantic service due to start in the middle of the year. The first of these new sets, the type which became famous as the AD67A 6872B, was fitted in the *Caledonia*, and Tommy Vallette was



L. A. Sweny

entrusted with the first flight trials. These were successful and Imperial Airways decided to use the equipment for the first of their regular flights across the Atlantic.

As I stood that evening alongside Mr. de Valera, the Prime Minister of Eire, and Major Brackley, the Air Superintendent of Imperial Airways, and watched the great flying-boat gather speed and leave the water, its hull and wings shining white against the green hills bordering the river, my mind went back to previous transatlantic attempts with which the Company had been associated. There was the abortive attempt in 1919 by Admiral Mark Kerr with a four-engined Handley Page



The rotating screened direction-finding loop aerial

biplane carrying a Marconi direction-finding installation designed by our present Engineer-in-Chief, G. M. Wright. And there was also the gallant effort described in these pages by Hugh Gilmour.

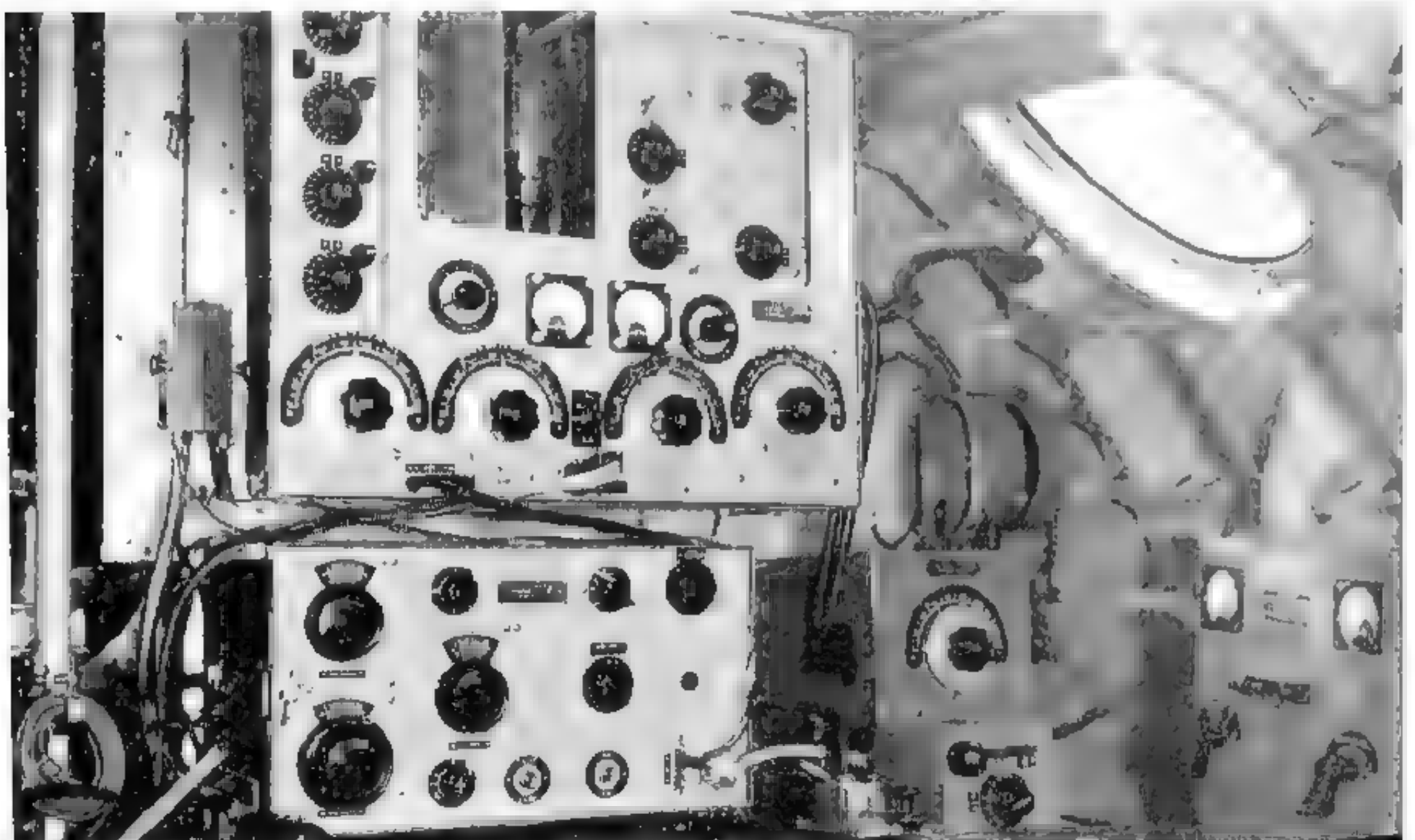
When the flying-boat was out of sight, we hurried to the Shannon radio station to follow its progress from signals trans-

mitted by the new Marconi equipment, and listened excitedly as messages came regularly through the night reporting positions which indicated that satisfactory progress was being made. Each time a signal came through, giving the background details of this great venture, it was characterised by the quick, nervous Morse code sent at a crisp twenty-five words a minute by Vallette who, not content with acting as radio engineer, had taken over the duties of radio officer. Only once during the night did the quality of the signal vary, and then came the message, "Stand by for twenty minutes". We learnt later that some relay trouble had occurred, but in that twenty minutes' silence it was located and repaired by Vallette who was on the air again punctually.

And so through the night we listened.

The halfway mark was reached with all going well, and those standing in that remote radio station in the wilds of Western Ireland looked at one another with confident smiles. The feeling grew that this flight was setting the standard for safe and regular crossings of the Atlantic, which were so soon to become a feature of the war, and afterwards of

The wireless cabin in the Caledonia. Marconi AD67A 6872B installations were used in flying-boats of the Atlantic service





The Caledonia at anchor

world passenger transport. Only once during the night were the signals from the flying-boat affected by interference from other stations, and this brought out the value of a special design feature which had been incorporated in the AD67, enabling small adjustments of frequency to be made rapidly. Vallette was able to re-establish perfect communication in a matter of minutes.

The last signal from the aircraft received at Foynes was heard just before eight o'clock on the morning of 6 July when Vallette signalled that the Caledonia was approaching Newfoundland after an uneventful flight of some fourteen hours.

Thus for the first time in history, the progress of a regular flying-boat service across the Atlantic was continuously reported by radio through the agency of Marconi equipment and a Marconi engineer, a fitting climax to twenty years of endeavour in the field of aeronautical radio communication and a vindication of the original work done by Marconi and his colleagues in establishing radio communication across the Atlantic.

The outstanding performance of the equipment installed in the Caledonia, so ably demonstrated by Tommy Vallette on what was to be one of his last great flights, had important reper-

cussions. Almost immediately afterwards this equipment was standardised in every Imperial Airways' flying-boat and rapidly became well known on the Empire and transatlantic routes for its performance and reliability.

During that July night on the shores of the Shannon, I did not imagine that, fourteen years later, I should have the privilege of playing a small part in another historic east to west transatlantic flight. Marconi equipment, directly descended from that fitted in the Caledonia, made an important contribution to the success of the Canberra's flight. On this occasion I did not witness the take-off; that fell to the lot of Bob Stanford-Tuck, himself no mean aviator. But, with the designers of the equipment, George Parker, Leslie Mullin, and Rich, and Frank Wheeler of the Aeronautical Division, I listened to the signals from Flight-Lieutenant Robson, which indicated the aircraft's progress across the Atlantic. Once again, the smiles of satisfaction broadened on faces as we felt the thrill of having been associated with another giant stride in progress. But, for me, that thrill was the greater in that, this time, I had almost a proprietary interest in the aircraft itself, since it had been produced by men who are colleagues in a great enterprise.



GORDON TYSON of the Milling Section, affectionately known to his friends as "Sausage". Besides being a shop steward he is a keen member of the Safety Committee and keeps a very watchful eye on the machines

to ensure that they are correctly fitted with guards. Gordon lives at Billericay, travels on an auto-cycle, is a keen gardener, and throughout the war years was a leading member of a Pig Club

AROUND THE COMPANIES

New Street

DOWN AND OUT

There comes a day in every man's life when he must make a snap decision and act on it. Douglas Hills of Power Test was not thinking that this was his particular day as he cycled home to lunch. Passing a side turning he happened to glance up, and near the corner he saw a man lying on his side at the edge of the road, apparently out for a count. Douglas jumped off his bike. He must do something. First aid—telephone—doctor—ambulance—hospital—all flashed through his mind. "Are you all right?" he said as he went back to the man. Quite a little crowd gathered round; Margery Porter and Phyllis Moore of Accounts Section appeared from nowhere, joined in a moment by Lily Welham.

"Are you all right?" persisted Douglas, bending over the body. It raised its head and replied: "Yes thanks chum, are you?" Then Douglas realised his mistake, and the visions of medical appliances vanished with relief. This "victim", though a little red in the face, was perfectly fit. He sat up slowly and withdrew his arm from a valve box in the road.

SIDELIGHT

The Monte Carlo Rally had one or two local repercussions which did not appear in the daily Press. Vic Adams and Bill Radford of the Instrument Shop worked together on the installation of the Marconi radio in the three Humber Hawks, and naturally they often had occasion to work lying upside down or in other odd attitudes. Bill is slightly deaf and never used to hear the loose change falling out of his pockets. Vic says he could have made a tidy profit out of that job if he'd been quick on the "uptake". His wife won't forget those days in a hurry either—Vic used to come home and shout at her after making himself heard to Bill under the car most of the day. Congratulations to Vic and Bill who helped the Humber team to win prizes for the best wireless installation.

SHOCKING DISCOVERY

W. H. Key of Radar Test Section has taken to wearing shoes with thick crepe rubber soles. Nothing very odd about that. But he has also been issued with one of the new type adjustable chairs, and thereby hangs a tale.

Working in his rubber shoes Bill felt quite at home with high voltages, but not long ago he was disturbed to find that he was getting electric shocks from all sorts of apparatus. They were not powerful shocks, and tickled rather than hurt him. First he got one from a transmitter which was being tested by "Wally" Chinery, and suggested that it might be a good idea to earth it properly. Wally laughed, touched the transmitter himself and pointed out the earth wire. Bill touched it again but it was quite dead. After this had happened once or twice his friends in Test Division began to wonder if his imagination wasn't getting the better of him. However, he next got a shock from the earthed copper bench top, accompanied by a distinctly audible "tick". This was no stretch of imagination. Bill touched it again, but it had gone. He felt nothing, and sat down puzzled. Then he got up and touched the bench gingerly. This time he actually saw a tiny spark jump from the end of his finger. "Now", he thought, "why on earth should sitting down . . . ? It must be the chair." He looked at the varnished wooden seat and concluded that it had become charged by the friction of sitting upon it. He looked thoughtfully at Wally. Then he sat down, got up and strolled across and touched him on the back of the hand. Bill refrained from saying, "You're imagining things", but picked up a voltmeter to show that it would read over 3000 volts. He could even light a small neon bulb for an instant.

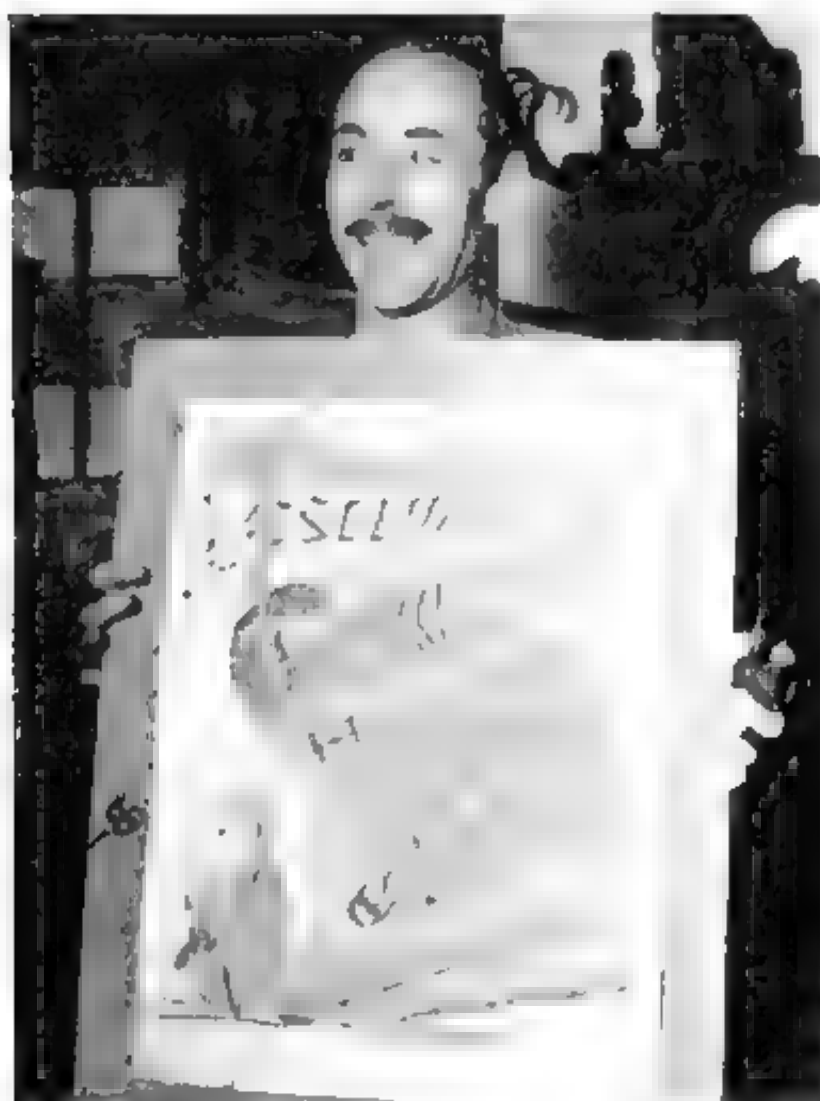
Now if you pass through the Radar Test Section you will see Bill Key carefully earth himself before rising from his seat.

SINGLE TICKETS

We number amongst the Company's recent exports to Australia V. H. (Dick) Phillips-Rees, who sailed for Adelaide on

the s.s. *Oronto*, on 8 March, with his wife and two small children.

Dick joined the Company in 1941 after being invalided out of the Services. He has spent the last four years in the Aeronautical Division, and his friends there marked his departure by presenting him with a desk lighter and pocket knife, suitably engraved. To these was added a really remarkable assortment of objects, each of which, according to the donor, was an indispensable item in the "swag bag" of any enterprising "Jackeroo".



Dick Phillips-Rees, certified and released!

We join the Aeronautical Division in wishing the Phillips-Rees family happiness and success in their life "down under".

Another farewell was said at the end of last month when J. E. Dunsford left the Company after fifteen years' service to join the Tasmania Hydro-Electric Commission. He was latterly assistant to H. K. Boulter, Chief of Mast Design Section, and has been concerned with the design of masts and aernals installed all over the world.

On saying goodbye to his friends, Mr. Dunsford received a travelling bag as a parting gift.



C. Gillam (left), Chief of Aerial Design Group, says goodbye to J. E. Dunsford

SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

A. E. Barker of Central Drawing Office had a friend from Ceylon, the Rev. Denzil de Silva, staying with him back in the cold spell during January. Mr. de Silva had never felt snow penetrating his shoes, or worming its way down his back after an unseen enemy had scored a hit—in fact he had never even seen it. He was fascinated, which shows that at least somebody is impressed by our climate!

A. E. Barker's Sinhalese friend sees snow for the first time



Describing life in Ceylon, Mr. de Silva said that cobras—about which we probably know as little as he does about snow—will enter houses freely for titbits of food and show no sign of anger if trodden on accidentally, but will strike immediately if they think the attack was intentional.

MARCONI HOSPITAL FUND

In earlier issues we published details of the cash grants which can be obtained by members from the Marconi Works Hospital Fund. This month we publish further benefits available to members.

Benefit No. 3 covers a Contributor at the rate of 4s. a day for twenty-one days should he be detained from work owing to personal infection or infection in the home.

Benefit No. 4 is an award of £2 2s. for each child born to a Contributor's wife or to a female contributor.

Benefit No. 5: Fifty per cent of the cost of surgical apparatus or repairs not covered by National Health Insurance. Maximum £3.

Benefit No. 6: Fifty per cent of the cost of optical treatment, new glasses, or repairs not covered by N.H.I. Maximum £1 15s.

Note: Benefits Nos. 5 and 6 cover the contributor, his wife, children and or dependent relative.

SUCCESS STORY

In the November issue of the magazine we mentioned that Margaret Kane, Paddy Kane's daughter, was playing regularly as a trombonist in the Chelmsford Town Band. We now have news that she has been offered a place in Ivy Benson's well-known band, and has left for a continental tour. Paddy must be proud of his daughter, and we wish her every success.

Marconi College

We welcome to the College a number of Air Radio Service Engineers and Inspectors of British European Airways. Groups of four at a time are spending a month at the College to "gen up" on our Aircraft equipments AD 7092, AD 107, and AD 94. We also welcome H. T. Sayer, an Aeronautical Division instructor, who normally has his office at Croydon Airport. He has eleven



J. Sanchez-Cordoves, Research and Development Manager of Marconi Española, with F. G. Vincer, getting his hand in at darts during his recent visit to Chelmsford

R.A.F. technical personnel to teach in all aspects of maintenance and operation of the AD 107, and has temporarily moved to Chelmsford as his accommodation at Croydon is insufficient for such a large class.

On Friday, 2 February, the "Plough" was the scene of the leaving students' farewell party, to which wives, sweethearts, and all the College staff were invited. The evening started soberly enough, but the party was soon in full swing. Singing was the order of the evening, and the Radar course excelled itself with a rousing Norwegian students' song. Those students destined for Baddow prophesied in song the sort of welcome they might expect from Dr. Eastwood.

B. Juell (Norway) replied to the toast, "Foreign Students", in a thoughtful speech which expressed a wish that the nations of the world might live together in the same harmony as the students of many nationalities at the College.

R. E. Burnett hoped that in the course of time he would be able to welcome back some of the students after they had become Chief Engineers of their respective organisations.

APPRENTICES

A very successful "St. Valentine's Dance" was held at the Odeon on 16 February. The apprentices themselves had helped to decorate the hall, and over 200 people attended. Among them were F. S. Mockford, R. Telford, W. J. Richards, R. E. Burnett, and E. R. L. Lewis. Dancing to the Legionnaires Dance Orchestra went on till 1 a.m., and a few lucky raffle winners received such things as fruit, chocolates, a chicken and a half bottle of whisky.

As for technical visits, the two made so far this year have been very interesting. Our old friends Marconi Instruments at St Albans entertained us in their usual royal style. The visit to Courtaulds at Halstead proved refreshingly unusual, as the apprentices were fortunate enough to be given an insight into the intricacies of weaving.

These Works visits have been very ably organised for a year now by W. D. Oxenham, and he is to be congratulated on the smooth way in which they are run.

Baddow (Research)

GOOD WORK

We at Baddow would like to add our congratulations to the many others which must already have been offered to those designers and engineers of the English Electric Co. responsible for the evolution of the record-breaking Canberra jet plane, and to those who so ably built it.

Congratulations also to J. A. Scarlett, a Craft Apprentice attached to the Research Radar Section, on the completion of his model of the A.C.R. Radar. The scale is 1 inch to 1 foot. This is the radar one sees revolving on the roof of the Laboratories, destined for Jersey Airport. Mr. Scarlett says he has spent some 320 hours of his own time on this model, which is made out of balsa wood and cardboard. It is complete in every detail even down to the last valve: every panel on the transmitter console slides out just like the original, and he had only a small home-made lathe on which to turn all the parts.

The model has now been submitted to the Physical Society for adjudication in the



Apprentice J. A. Scarlett's model of the A.C.R. Radar (scale 1 inch to 1 foot). The overall height is 26 inches

Craft Apprentices Section and will be exhibited in that Section at the forthcoming exhibition.

Mr. Scarlett wants eventually to fit a watch movement to rotate the aerial, and hopes that someone may have an old wrist watch that he no longer needs.

PARLEZ-VOUS FRANCAIS?

A group of people have got together at Baddow with the avowed object of learning or brushing up their French in readiness for hot days in France. The things some people will do for a nice piece of steak! A Lingua-phone course has been acquired and meetings are taking place during the lunch hour and occasionally in the evening. Miss Voste, the class secretary, will be glad to give further particulars. If you are interested to know the answer to: "Où est la plume de ma tante?" now is the time to find out

OLD KING COLE

A message was telephoned from the Works to J. J. Keating at Baddow concerning a Craft Apprentice named Fewell who had to attend a certain lecture at the College that afternoon. The line was very

had, the person at the Works had a north-country accent, and Mr. Keating was not in his office. The recipient of the message was making hard going of the name. "Fewell Good King Wenceslas—Coal", said the voice at the Works helpfully. All was then understood and Mr. Keating duly received this message: "Will Mr. Keating please attend an important Coal Board meeting this afternoon at 3 o'clock at the College?"

BADDOW FOOTNOTE

A person called at the Laboratory main entrance the other night and said to the Patrolman: "Is this the Pontland Home for Aged People?" The Patrolman *had* to be Joe Nice and he *had* to make the suitable reply.

Writtle

The Canberra bomber's famous Atlantic crossing on 21 February aroused special interest at Writtle, as we felt that we had a personal share in this great aeronautical achievement.

Our contribution to the flight was the installation of the communication and navigational aid equipment designed and developed at Writtle. The aircraft was no stranger to most of us, as we had witnessed and enjoyed its brilliant performance at Farnborough last year, and the pilot, Squadron-Leader Callard, and his crew, had visited Writtle to examine models of

the radio equipment which were being installed in their machine.

During the flight a listening watch was maintained, and within a few minutes of the touch-down at Gander the news had been received at Writtle.

Apart from the Canberra event, life goes on much as usual at Writtle. During February the river overflowed several times, and the lower part of the station was flooded. Essex floods being quite incalculable—up one day and down the next—J. Blyther was not really surprised when he arrived with his camera, to find that the impressive sheet of water had dwindled to a strip. The ground, of course, was still like a sponge, and the Writtle staff have been wondering how long it takes to develop webbed feet. Our gallant but ageing Lancaster bomber has become more bogged down than ever, but it still manages to retain some of its original dignity despite the ravages of research, and one elderly local inhabitant was very disappointed to learn that the aircraft was not the Atlantic record breaking machine!

RETIREMENTS

J. E. H. Welply of Communications Division retired on 28 February, aged sixty-five, after over forty years with the Company. He left the Royal Navy in 1910 to join Marconi's, and worked with the Field Station Department. In the period before World War I he joined the Cumberland Yeomanry Unit for wireless duties with Marconi apparatus known as Cavalry Sets, but when war broke out he was released

The "pond" almost at Writtle's back door





J. E. H. Welply

from the Yeomanry and served with the R.N.V.R. for the duration. His first peacetime job was in South America, and he was later appointed Engineer-in-Chief of the newly formed Brazilian Company. He installed the first permanent broadcasting station for the Radio Society of Brazil, of which he is a life member.

Back in England Mr. Welply spent some time with the City of Glasgow Police under Sir Percy Sillitoe, and with the West Riding Police, working with medium frequencies.

He then came back to the F.S.D., where he worked on the design of special equipments for Lighthouses, and was responsible for the TV5 Telephone Transmitter Receiver. At the end of World War II he was Deputy Chief, F.S.D., and Chairman of the sub-committee responsible for the introduction of VHF apparatus. Since then he has been closely associated with the Communications Department of the Home Office, Police Forces, Press Services, Fire Brigades, etc. He has visited every Marine Depot in the British Isles in connection with VHF apparatus.

W. W. Mitchell retired from the Company's service on 1 March, at the age of



Mr. and Mrs. H. Gray

sixty-eight. He was an Electrician's Mate, and joined the Company in October 1942.

REMINDER TO VETERANS

Annual Reunion, 5 May 1951, Caxton Hall, Westminster. Tickets, W. T. Kipling, Room 240, Marconi House, Chelmsford.

MARRIAGES

On 24 February at Chelmsford Cathedral, between Mr. H. Gray of Valve Stores, and Miss E. Torrie of Marine Accounts. Friends in the Valve Stores gave an electric iron and decanter and wine glasses, and an eight-day clock was given by the bride's friends in Marine Accounts.

BIRTHS

This month's congratulations go to:

Mr. and Mrs. Lucking, on the birth of their son on 15 February. Before her marriage Mrs. Lucking was Margaret Baldwin and was employed in the Writtle workshop.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Panton on the birth of their daughter, Gillian Ann, on 3 February. Mr. Panton has been a Toolmaker at New Street for five years.

Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Manning, on the birth of their daughter, Linda Anne, on 29 January. Mr. Manning is a member of the Sound Studio Group.

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Baines, on the birth of their daughter, Jennifer Mary, on 12 February 1951. Mr. Baines is a member of the Mounting Shop.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Winter, on the birth of their daughter, Judith, on 20 February. Mr. Winter is a member of the Central Drawing Office.

ILLNESS

We are glad to welcome back O. G. M. Atkins of Production Control after his long illness of nearly six months.

OBITUARY

We regret to announce the following deaths:

F. H. Cogdale died on 18 February at the age of fifty-five. He joined the Company in November 1941 and was employed as a Frame Assembler.

S. A. Stockton died on 6 February at the age of fifty-seven, after a long period of ill-health. He joined the Marine Company in May 1914 and went to sea as a radio operator until the outbreak of World War I, during which he served in the R.N.R.

After the war Mr. Stockton returned to Marconi's, this time to the technical staff of the Wireless Company. In 1926 he became Chief Shops Mechanical Inspector, and from 1928 to 1943 he was a member of the Receiver Test, specialising in Direction Finding equipments. He had a pleasant way of imparting knowledge and made many friends among those people who came from all over the world for instruction on the DFG10 equipment, widely installed on the first Empire air routes.

From 1944 until 1948, when he retired on account of ill-health, Mr. Stockton was attached to the Receiver Development Group at Baddow. His elder son, J. G. Stockton, is also employed at Baddow.

J. F. Turner died on 16 February 1951, aged twenty-nine, after several months of illness. Mr. Turner joined the Company in March last year as a cloakroom cleaner.

Fifty Years Ago

Liverpool Daily Post, 24 April 1901

COMMUNICATION WITH THE FASTNET.

THE MARCONI SYSTEM

The directors of the Marconi Company, writing to yesterday's "Times" on the subject of communication with the Fastnet, says: With reference to the letter in your issue of to-day, signed on behalf of nine leading ship-owners of Liverpool on the above subject, we have to state that we are engaged in putting up a Marconi station on the sea island of the Irish coast, not far from the Fastnet, for the purpose of reporting ships that are fitted with Marconi apparatus. Permit me to add that the Postmaster General has arranged to receive a deputation of our directors on 15th May next, after which we hope to be in a position to inform the shipping companies the terms on which they, when fitted with the Marconi apparatus, will be able to communicate with the shore. The wide range which our station will have, far beyond the Fastnet itself, will render a station on the Fastnet unnecessary. Nevertheless should it ultimately be considered advisable that a Marconi station should be erected on the Fastnet, I have no doubt that we should be able to carry it out in a satisfactory manner.

Marconi Instruments News

HAMS AT LONGACRES

Introducing a few of the Longacres' HAMS—holders of amateur transmitting licences—Britain's ambassadors of the 160, eighty, forty, twenty, ten, and even two metre bands. In nightly contact with countries all over the world these burners of the midnight oil know no language barriers for they speak either in short buzzes or else in jargon which, to the layman, sounds something like this:

"CQ, CQ, CQ, W9BP, Come in, old man, CUL, 73—and you. Over."

No doubt designed to fool the enemy this language can convey such rational things as the condition of the weather, the operator's

health, and what happened to Charlie after he left Eastbourne. The following stations are operated by Longacres' people: G3ACO, Bernard Mappley (Service), located at Pimlico, Hemel Hempstead (we mean that); G4GT, Len Groves (Test Maintenance), St. Albans; G3DJX, R. J. Brocklesby (Calibration), Wheathampstead.

In fact the running of these stations is a highly skilled business fulfilling a very real purpose; it provides the ideal practical training and background for engineer, operator, and executive in the commercial radio field besides contributing to research knowledge and, in other countries particularly, to public services in times of such emergencies as storm, flood, and earthquake. The history of amateur broadcasting goes back to the last century; Guglielmo Marconi liked to style himself the first "amateur".

SOUTH AMERICAN WEIGH

Weight limit notice displayed on the Goods Inwards crane for the past two years:

Monkey carriage: two tons.
Manuel rope block: one ton.

WEDDING SERVICE

Margaret Peacock, Service, to Stephen Robson at St. Peter's Church, Easter Saturday.

Doris King, Service, to Peter Cook at North Mimms Parish Church, Saturday, 10 March.

Frederick Underwood, Service, to Dorothy Jenkins at Cockfosters Church, Easter Saturday.

Len Brookes, Service, to Joan Smithson (late Calibration) at All Saints' Church, Buckland (near Aylesbury), Wednesday, 28 March.

AND OTHERS

Sid Savage, Model Shop, to Dorothy Hill (staunch M.I. team supporter), St. Peter's Church, Easter Saturday—supporting feature, Carl Jameson as best man.

Peggy Phillips, Planning, to Peter Winch at St. Mark's Church, Colney Heath, Easter Saturday.

PLUS AND MINUS

Known variously as F8 (dul nickel), Arfur Thou and Lord Vernier, Frank Nichol, Machine Shop inspector, pursues his meticulous way not objecting to these nicknames at all, for tolerance, the supreme virtue, is his business. He has only one pet axiom: "If you must split hairs, do it centrally."

LONG LONG TRAIL AWINDING

Mary Baldry, popular member of the coil-winding section of Service, left the company on 30 March to take a similar job with a firm in Detroit, Michigan, U.S.A. Sailing 6 April, Mary is now well on the way to joining her two sisters in that great American city of automobiles; this copy of the magazine will arrive soon afterwards to remind her of her eight years with Marconi's. Mary's fiancé is following her to the States next month when she will become Mrs. Sochacki.

GAY AND DEBONNAIRE

Doris Debonnaire recently threw a party (no cracks—she's quite small) to celebrate her twenty-first birthday. Presented by her colleagues with a gigantic key (16 B.G. brass, finished bright chrome F11) Doris returned the compliment by bringing in a massive iced cake and ice cream to brighten the afternoon cuppa.

VISITORS

Tuesday, 20 February, Air Vice Marshal E. R. Addison, C.B., C.B.E., visited the Longacres factory and on 26 February Wing Commander R. Stanford-Tuck, D.S.O., D.F.C., war-time flying ace accredited with the top-score of enemy planes during the Battle of Britain, also toured the factory.

P.A. IN CHURCH

Derek Elliot, Test Maintenance, who is a watcher and altar server at St. Albans Abbey, has mixed his interests by installing an amplification system in St. Saviours Church, Sandpit Lane. With a moving-coil microphone in the pulpit, a home-made amplifier, three loudspeakers in the nave and choir—two of them Marconi—the system is to be used in its present state for relaying the

sermon, but microphone extensions to the lectern, organ, and choir are envisaged.

VETERAN OF THE MONTH



Bert Turner

Starting with E. K. Cole at Southend sixteen years ago Bert Turner, who came to Longacres via High Wycombe, has worked in Moulding, Case-Making, Meter Repair, Service Department and Machine Shop, where he was in charge of Drills. Bert and his cap are familiar fixtures in the Inspection Department while in his spare time he pursues what was once his main trade—watch making—and remembers the “good old days” at Southend (one of which is shown in the photograph).

ITS THAT STORK AGAIN

To Bill Brian (Accounts) and his wife, a daughter, Janet Kathleen, born 20 February, weight six pounds. For Vincent Gregory (Publicity) and wife, a son, Stephan Phillip, who weighed in at nine pounds on 13 February.

MARCH OF SCIENCE

Suggestions for new gadgets put to the Scientific Instrument Manufacturers’ Association annual dinner and quoted in the *Evening Standard*:

On form. Recognise anybody? One of the good old days out at the Vook, Southend





"Why does my heart go boom?" might well be the query from the subject of this electro-encephalograph demonstration to employees and their families on Open Day. Yes, we know the experiment is really intended for the investigation of cranial abnormalities, but try explaining that to your wife when you ask her to be tested!

"The judgetometer—enabling directors to cook the books.

"The twaddle hydrometer indispensable to Parliamentary committees.

"A bacon-slicer cutting 25,000 slices to the inch—of interest to the Ministry of Food."

The reader who submitted this clipping suggests the additional invention of a really reliable fortune-teller's crystal for bonus workers.

JOYS OF MOTORING

A long-suffering owner of a second hand car in Publicity (see Courts Day by Day for name), thought that everything that could possibly happen to an old car had already happened to his; then he switched on his lights the other night and the knob burst into flames in his hand. His first reaction was one of relief; he grabbed his despatch case, got out, slammed the door and stood back to witness a Viking's funeral to all his troubles. But remembering that it was nearly midnight and that he had twelve miles to go, he broke the ice in a nearby ditch, grabbed handfuls of wet mud and grass and slapped it on the conflagration. This did not discourage the fire, which had as its source a

few hundred amperes of electric current. He then tried to break wires which in the past had parted at the slightest vibration—but they now held firm and secure. Keeping comparatively calm he next tried to remove the battery connection, but this too was securely clamped for the first time. By the light of a flaming dashboard he found the flaming pliers and took off the battery terminal, together with most of the skin on his thumb. The fire eventually subsided.

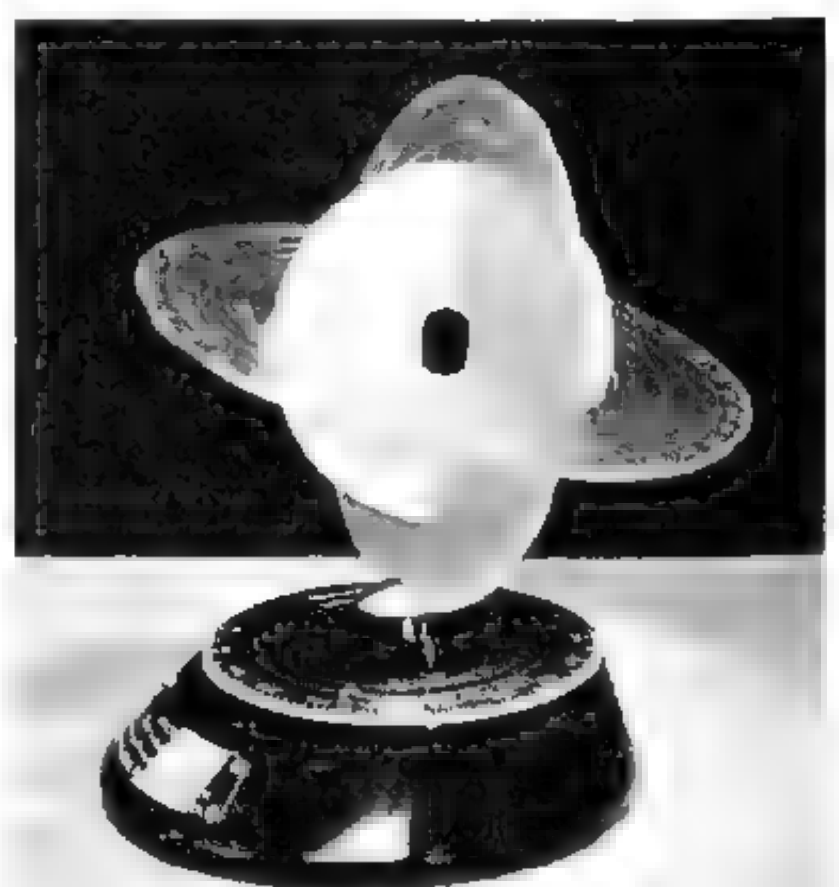
5 DAY WEEK

At a loss for words for the first time in years, Machine Shop foremen S. Barker and J. Stratford faced each other t'other day over the head of a young apprentice who had just yawned that he could not possibly come in on Saturday morning, for by five-o'clock Friday evening he was completely exhausted!

BOOM BOOM BOOM

Faced with the questions—What is it? What does it do? and What's it for? the proud designer, Vincent Gregory of Publicity, of the object illustrated, described it as a Perispherical Obliquity in Communicational Symbolism—in short, A Thing, in fact a Trophy presented by M.I. to a French Rugby team which visited St. Albans in

The Thing



February at the invitation of the Old Albanians; team secretary David Ashton-Davis of Sales. The Trophy was presented by Alderman A. Blott, St. Albans' mayor.

The French team, L'Iris Club de Lambersart were paying a return visit to the Old Albanians who went to France Easter 1950. This interchange of goodwill was the result of boy meeting girl at a Harpenden dance, the girl returning to her native country and organising the tour. The Mayor of St. Albans, wishing to reciprocate the hospitality extended to the St. Albans team, called on C. Stanier, M.I. Secretary and Chief Accountant, for a special trophy symbolising wireless communication—the unbreakable link between countries—representing local industry and bearing a world-renowned name.

PROP AND COP

The "Two little men on a flying saucer" legend had some foundation in fact when the new material-handling trolleys were delivered to Prop and Cop. Machine Shop routers. Recorded on clock cards as Messrs. Finley and Whitehouse (nobody seems to know exactly which is Prop and which Cop) this happy duo are the life and soul of

the department, whisking vast loads of what-have-you from lathe to miller, drills to press, distance no object and never a cross word.

When the new trolleys arrived the two routers were enthusiastic; this, indeed, was greasing the lightning. They had coped so successfully without the trolleys, what couldn't they do with them? What they could not do, to their surprise, was complete the whole day's routing in five minutes. With roseate visions of saving twenty journeys, they began loading: one hundred-weight, two, three, four . . . one ton . . . two tons. At last they loaded the final article, shook hands and started pushing. But it was no use, for even together they could not shift it. Disillusioned, they discharged cargo.

Now, with a clear knowledge of the limitations of their production aid, Prop and Cop will admit that "it does help".

NO DICE

Young Bernard Everett disconcerted his father—Ken, of Service—by absently swallowing the dice during a game of ludo one evening recently. The annoying thing was that several days passed before they knew who had won the game.

Chip off the old block. Malcolm Scott, son of the Personnel Manager, takes a keen interest as A. E. James, chief draughtsman, demonstrates the Moisture-in-timber Meter on Open Day



SPREADING THE GOSPEL

In delivering an illustrated lecture on the "Application of Thermionic Valves to Measuring Instruments" at Huddersfield, 5 March, E. D. Hart, Publicity Manager, continued the Company's lecture programme which this month includes talks by Messrs. C. F. Brockelsby, Hart, Thomas, and Howells, at the Atomic Energy Research Establishment, Harwell.



MOVING EXPERIENCE

Racing to work on a foggy morning with head down and glasses steamed, G. Moran, Machine Shop, suddenly encountered what appeared to be a very steep hill—and found himself inside a furniture pantechnicon. Happily he was not "removed" to hospital, however, suffering only from a grazed head and surprise.

Personalities

Number Nine

K. H. NEWHOUSE

Chief of Technical Literature

This month's personality should be kept for the Christmas number when we are permitted to use colour printing, for he's that kind of personality. During the twelve years he has been with the Company he has established a reputation not only for meticulous attention to detail in preparing E.B.s Engineering Bulletins but also for wit, impromptu verse, and anecdotes, the nature of which is always elevated by a certain dignity of presentation and a fine sense of verisimilitude.

Educated at Norwich Grammar School and Clare College, Cambridge, "Vergie" became a pupil of the Norwich Corporation



K. H. Newhouse

Electricity Department and afterwards joined British Thomson-Houston at Rugby. This was followed by an appointment with the B.B.C. for whom he worked on Station 2LO which was located in those days on the roof of Selfridges, the Northern Station 2ZY and 5GB at Daventry. He still prizes a letter from the B.B.C. mildly rebuking him for inadvertently broadcasting other than B.B.C. language during a "technical hitch".

Returning to B.T.H.—no, the language was not the reason. Kenneth later developed a wanderlust and in 1938 he took his savings and his suitcase and went to Japan. He returned sans suitcase and savings to join the firm in 1939 since when, he says, he has never recovered them.

To avoid exclusion from the select Television (Mikers') Club, he has recently become a televiewer and has discovered, as the cartoon depicts, that televiewing is not just a matter of switching off the lights, reclining in an armchair and closing your eyes. The Newhouse family, by the way, consists of two sturdy sons, the elder, a contract assistant at de Havilland's, the other an officer cadet with the R.A.F.

People we work with—

Richard Dimbleby

BY OUR ROVING CORRESPONDENT

I EXPLAINED to Richard that I wanted to write about the famous people we work with. "It's for our House Magazine," I said, "and I'd like a picture too."

It was 11.45 p.m. at the time and the date was 31 December. We were both in the porch of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and in a few minutes Richard was going to bring in the New Year for hundreds of thousands of television viewers.

He agreed that we should get our picture with the Marconi cameras he is so familiar with in the background. I did not tell him that to get to the cameras we had to traverse twenty yards of false roof, high up at the top of the church.

Richard looked at the felt-covered roof. "Is it safe?" he asked.

"Sure," I said, "I've been across a dozen times tonight and I'm fourteen stone."

"Yes . . ." he replied dubiously, "and I am seventeen stone!"

We made it, and you can see the result for yourselves.

Both listeners and viewers know Richard as the top commentator while some of the most successful radio and television programmes are built around his genial, happy personality.

During the war Richard travelled 100,000 miles as a B.B.C. war correspondent and some of his homely commentaries amidst British troops in remote zones are still remembered as some of the happier moments in those times of stress.

Since the war this large man has performed many amazing feats in the name of entertainment, and it certainly seems that he only asks one thing:

"Will it hold me?"

And if it will Richard Dimbleby is off on yet another good programme

Seventeen stone got there safely! Richard Dimbleby (right) talking to our Roving Correspondent on the roof of St. Margaret's, Westminster





Marconi Athletic and Social Club

FOOTBALL

NOW THAT few matches remain to be played it is a good time to weigh up the results of the season's play.

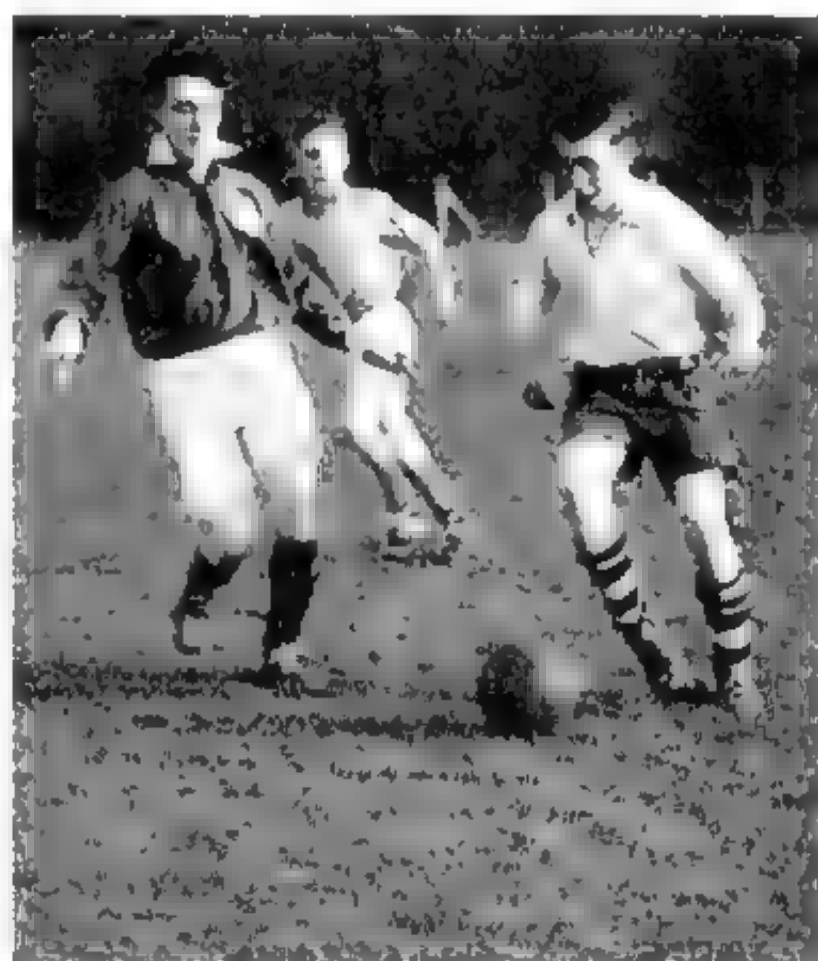
The Section can well be proud of doing what has not been done before—namely, regularly fielding three teams and on occasion four. The condition of the ground has been improved tremendously by the efforts of the groundsman, Arthur Goodchild, and the unstinted assistance of some members of the Football Section Committee. In the changing rooms hot water for washing and tea for refreshment has been available every week. Although the teams have gained no honours, the Committee are well satisfied that a foundation has been laid on which future teams can be built and a club spirit has been developed, particularly in the third eleven, that augurs well for the future. The first eleven has had its "ups and downs" but has settled into a good combination, and the second eleven has been playing well regularly. Both teams should finish in the upper half of the league tables. The third and fourth elevens have played "friendlies" this season and the members are to be congratulated on their efforts; often they have been matched against League sides and have acquitted themselves nobly.

It has been unfortunate that injuries and illnesses have deprived the Section of the services of stalwarts like Jack Bruce, Peter Bull, Ron Harris, and Peter Love.

Results.

FIRST TEAM

3 February v. K.R.O.B., lost 7—2
10 February v. Galleywood, drawn 2—2
17 February v. E.C.C. Staff, won 5—1



Tony Martin tackles the Roxwell inside left in the Third XI match on 3 March

24 February v. Baddow, lost 7—0
3 March v. Writtle, won 2—

SECOND TEAM

3 February v. Park Rangers, won 3—1
10 February v. Chelmsford B.C., lost 6—0
17 February v. Old Chelmsfordians, lost 3—2
3 March v. Roxwell, lost 3—0

THIRD TEAM

17 February v. Old Chelmsfordians, won 5—1
24 February v. Witham United, won 4—0
3 March v. Roxwell Reserves, lost 5—1



H. Berry (right) Marconi left back, moving across to intercept one of the Agricultural Institute's forwards

HOCKEY

ON 10 FEBRUARY we played Stanford-le-Hope, who beat us 3—2. In spite of heavy rain earlier, the pitch at Stanford was in good condition. At first it seemed that the home side would overrun the Works, but some neat interpassing by the Marconi forwards outwitted their defence and enabled Smythe to dribble the ball into an open goal. Stanford equalised before half time from a corner.

In the second half they took the lead following a breakaway, and shortly after scored a third goal. From then on, however, Marconi's had more of the game, and after several goalmouth struggles Carson scored a second goal for us.

There were occasions when it seemed that we might have scored, but failed to gain advantage from our opportunities. The Works side was handicapped by injuries to two players.

The match against the Essex Agricultural Institute on 24 February was lost 1—3. Our opponents played fast progressive hockey and gave us a lesson on how the game should be played on heavy ground. In the first half the Institute scored two good goals after ex-

erting continuous pressure. In the second half the Works played better. The Institute scored a third goal, and we made a determined effort to get to grips with them. After a hard struggle Smythe scored our only goal.

ANGLING

THE SECOND VISIT to Dungeness on Saturday, 17 February, was pretty much of a wash-out. The coach left New Street Works at 4.30 a.m. and it rained all day until about 3.30 p.m. Most people spent the day either in the "Local", the Café, or the coach. Those who braved the elements got a pretty good soaking and practically no fish. Altogether, among the party of twenty-nine, the catch amounted to about eight small pout-cels and one good 2-lb. flounder. Flow and roughish water added to the difficulties. Lincs cast out were, in a very short time, washed into the shore lower down the beach. Very few bites registered, and H. Sweeting, who caught the two-pounder, did not know he had got a fish until he began to draw in his line to bait-up again.

We left Dungeness at about 5 p.m. and stopped at Ashford for a very good, pre-arranged, hot meal. Two short stops were

made on the road home and we arrived back at New Street at around 10.30 p.m. We all hope "Lofty" is none the worse for his indisposition.

Because of river flooding it was not possible to hold the competition for the Howe Trophy before going to press, but a report will be included in our next issue. As it is being held on "foreign" waters no points accrue from it and the Points Competition is now closed.

All members are requested to attend the annual general meeting of the Society which is to be held on Tuesday, 24 April 1951, at 5.45 p.m. in the Men's Club Room, New Street.

"FINE TACKLE"

BOWLS

THE 1951 SEASON opens on 28 April with the President v. Captain's Match. The teams will be fairly representative of the Bowls Section, and the match should give a good start to the season.

To represent the Club in the Essex County Competitions this season the selection committee have nominated the following players:

Single-handed Competition: W. Rice, J. Bruce, A. H. Amies.

Alice Maud Hammond Cup: L. H. Cooper.

Pairs Competition: (A) W. Walden, F. Whiting; (B) E. Marshall, L. S. Barclay; (C) L. Cattell, P. Orrin; (D) A. H. Amies, L. Woodward; (E) L. H. Cooper, J. Bruce; (F) W. Rice, P. Howett.

Single Rink: (A) E. Marshall, L. Cattell, P. Howlett, L. S. Barclay; (B) E. Hawkins, V. Angier, L. Woodward, W. Walden.

Triples: (A) F. Matthews, R. Goulden, G. Attridge; (B) F. Bew, G. Sanderson, A. H. Amies.

Double Rink: F. Matthews, H. C. Van de Velde, A. Welsh, W. Walden, A. H. Amies, T. H. F. Willoughby, P. Stoneham, F. Whiting.

North Essex Cup: (A) W. Rice, E. Marshall, T. H. F. Willoughby, L. S. Barclay; (B) V. Angier, L. Cattell, L. Woodward, P. Howlett.

Shield Competition: F. Gresty, H. C. Van de Velde, E. Hawkins, L. S. Barclay, E. Marshall, T. H. F. Willoughby, L. Woodward, P. Howlett, G. Sanderson, A. Wilson, G. Attridge, F. Whiting, L. Batsford, W. R. Snell, V. Angier, W. Walden.

DARTS

CONGRATULATIONS to Instrument Shop No. 1, this year's League Champions. Under the able captaincy of N. S. Pugh they only lost one game throughout the season, against Section 17. Last year's champions, Waterhouse Lane (Captain, J. Simpson), are in second place with four points fewer than the winners, and Instrument Shop No. 2 (Captain, J. Warner) are in third.

The final results are as follows: Instrument Shop No. 1, 33 points; Waterhouse Lane 29, Instrument Shop No. 2 26; Marine Accounts 23; Machine Shop 23; Section 50 and A.T.C. 23; Stores 22; Marconi House 22; Process Planning 19; Designs 19; Progress 19; E.E.V. Co. 19; Section 17 16; Wireless Accounts 12; Packing Engraving 11.

One of the highlights of these matches was D. Reid's 180, scored for Marconi House against Process Planning.

The Singles Championships were played on 1 March, and although Eric Marshall (Works Orders) came near to losing the first game, he won the rest by two straight legs, to become Singles Champion for the season. B. Borley (Stores) played well and fully deserved to be runner-up.

The Darts Singles Champion, Eric Marshall (right front) with Bert ("Ginger") Borley, runner-up. In the background are (left to right): S. Gibbard, E. Knight, R. Coventon, H. Wager





Sid Downing, Ravenhall, playing for Stores Division against L. Barden of Instrument Shop No. 1, in their League match, won by the Instrument Shop. Watching are (left to right), A. Owers, T. Hockley, and E. Gilder

BILLIARDS AND SNOOKER

IN THE Pretymen Cup Competition, the Club have played two games this month. The first was against Hoffmann's and was lost 5—1 (1—2 snooker, 0—3 billiards), and the second against the Y.M.C.A., won 5—1 (2—1 snooker, 3—0 billiards). Brian Kendon's break of sixty-six at billiards in the Y.M.C.A. match was a notable achievement for an apprentice.

In the Inter-departmental League there have been some close games. Instrument Shop No. 1, last year's winners, beat Stores Division No. 1, and it now looks as if they may well hold their position at the top of the League. In this match, Bert Callahan's game against Eric Ainsworth was a very near thing. Towards the end Bert had hit the pink when snookered and left the blue "stuck up", and Eric wanted the last three colours to win. But he unfortunately fouled the black and lost the game 35—59.

Other scores in this match were as follows: Ernie Gilder 100, Frank Gresty 68; Les Barden 100, Sid Downing 82; Jack Stock 100, Steve Stephenson 92; Tom Hockley 43, Bill Morris 50; Ken Embly 73, J. Bates 18.

In the match between Instrument Shop No. 1 and Marine Accounts, Ernie Gilder performed the astonishing feat of beating Bob Coventon 100—1. He was at the top of his form and went only six times to the table, scoring 15, 39, 4, 12, 17, and 13 unfinished.

TABLE TENNIS

THERE ARE several more matches still to be played before the end of the season, and this month we are giving League positions of the Men's First Division and the Ladies' Division.

MEN'S FIRST DIVISION

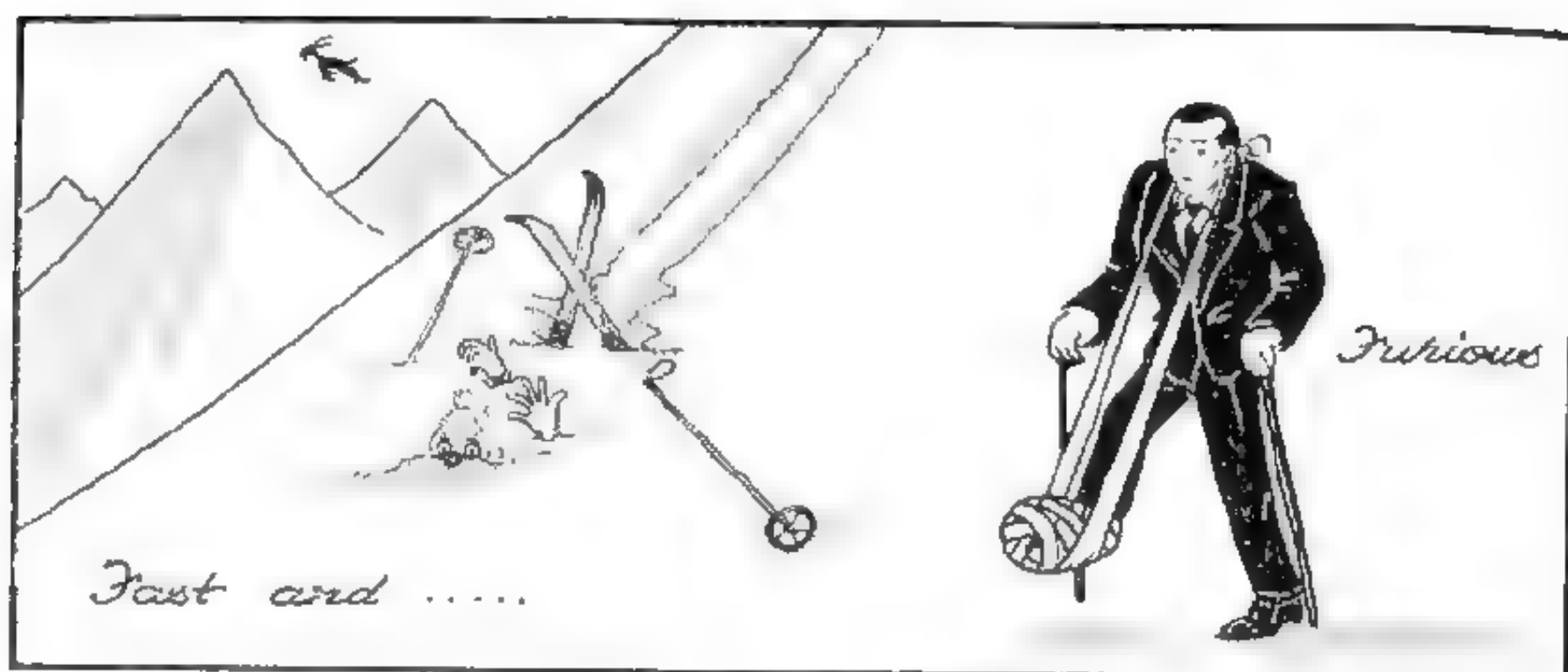
Club	P.	W.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Marconi (A)	13	13	0	143	13	26
E.C.C. (A)	13	10	1	02	54	21
Hoffmann (A)	12	9	0	95	49	18
Marconi (B)	13	8	1	107	49	17
Blue Circle (A)	13	5	1	62	94	11
Y.M.C.A. (A)	12	4	1	55	85	9
Great Baddow	12	4	0	48	96	8
Marconi (C)	13	3	0	55	101	6
Hoffmann (B)	12	3	0	45	99	6
Christy (A)	13	2	0	41	115	4

LADIES' DIVISION

Club	P.	W.	D.	F.	A.	P.
Bromswood	14	14	0	146	22	28
Hoffmann (A)	13	12	0	139	17	24
C.T.T.C.	14	11	0	123	45	22
Marconi (A)	13	10	0	101	55	20
E.C.C.	13	5	1	67	89	11
Y.W.C.A.	13	5	1	65	91	11
Marconi (B)	14	5	1	61	107	11
Springfield	13	3	1	56	100	7
Crompton	13	3	1	54	102	7
Hoffmann (B)	12	2	0	48	96	4
C.C.Y.C.	12	0	0	4	140	0

Charlie Wheeler, the Marconi number one player, winner of the Men's Singles Table Tennis Championship for the third year running. In five seasons Charlie has not lost one First Division League match.





Alpine Trial We wish Bob Telford, Assistant to the General Manager, a speedy recovery

BADDOW DARTS SECTION

A MEETING under the chairmanship of W. Jackson was held in February at the New Street Club for the purpose of forming a Darts and Social Section at Baddow. Among the twenty people who attended were T. Wetherall, secretary and treasurer, J. Seddon, H. Bates, captain, and R. Harris, vice-captain. W. Bush agreed to be president of the Section.

After much discussion a team was chosen to start training with the hope of success in the League next season. A practice match had already been played against the Springfield "Three Cups". The "Cups" won the individual match, and were in turn beaten by Baddow in the teams match, so to decide matters Frank Watts for the "Cups"

played Bill Bush for Baddow, and Bill won by a narrow margin.

TENNIS

THOSE WHO would like to become members of the tennis section, but who feel that their game is not quite up to scratch, need have no qualms. Throughout the season there will be a beginners' night every Tuesday, when two courts will be reserved for beginners only, and committee members will endeavour to teach their version of tennis.

So come along, past, present, and future members of the tennis section, to the Odeon Ballroom on Friday, 27 April, and join in the fun of a dance to herald the approaching season.

St. Albans Social and Sports Club

SHEILA DREWETT'S NETBALL NOTES

On Saturday, 10 February, we claimed points in the easiest game of the season against St. Albans Athletic whose team failed to arrive at the ground. Saturday, 17 February, we played Rose's N.C. at Fleetville Schools, a strenuous game on a very wet pitch. Result: Rose's 8, Marconi 4

DUMMIGAN ON FOOTBALL

On 10 February in a return League fixture against Redbourn at Verulamium our

determination to avenge our previous defeat was unsuccessful. A missed penalty and a series of bad misses contributed to our failure and left us with a one-all draw. Brian Hoare scored the goal in the manner of a veteran: he should do well when lighter grounds are the order.

On 14 February we again overwhelmed Murphy Radio: 14-0. The state of the ground made good football impossible but Marconi adapted themselves more easily and were favoured in the second half by a hailstorm which just about filled Murphy's Cup of Sorrow. Fred Smith was back on

form again with five goals, Arthur Hodgson four, Brian Hoare three, Eddie Higgs and Les Kimpton one each.

Saturday, 3 March, we entertained Shenley at Verulamium in a League match. Unfortunately we were once again relegated to St. Peters "A" pitch by a "friend" in the A.F.A., while our own pitch was used by the Carlton Club, shareholders. As a football pitch St. Peters "A" has two dimensions, but there the resemblance ends. In this game, for the second time in three weeks, we missed a penalty kick, and for that reason deserved what we got—a draw, 1—1. Eddie Higgs scored the goal, the rest of the forwards missed the others.

In the seven League games played this year we have won 3, drawn 3, and lost 1, scoring 29 goals against 10.

FROM THE SECRETARY

BRIDGE

Sid Murphy, Development, has offered to organise this section of the Club and we hope that all interested in the game will rally round and support him.

BADMINTON

Numerous requests to form this section have been made but at the moment difficulty is being experienced in devising a method of marking out the court without

permanently disfiguring the floor of the canteen. Any suggestions with regard to this will be gratefully received.

CHESS

Friday, 27 February, the first meeting of this section took place under the leadership of Wilf Cave, Calibration, and Carl Jameson, Stores. All present enjoyed the games and many more members can be accommodated; apply to the above.

HORTICULTURE

This new section has taken root: besides enjoyable sessions of "catalogue gardening" orders have been placed with our local nurserymen, allotments have been pegged and by the time this gets into print will already be showing green. A Horticultural Show will be arranged early Autumn. Plants and seedlings can be ordered through the section organisers: A. Scott, Planning, and H. E. Burton, Calibration.

OPERA

Twenty-nine members of the Club visited Sadler's Wells on 2 March for a performance of *La Traviata*. It was thoroughly enjoyed and further outings of this kind are envisaged in the near future. Seats are being arranged for the Royal Tournament in June and also visits to the Festival of Britain and—early summer—a boat trip from London to Margate or Clacton.

The first whist drive in the new canteen, organised by the Social and Sports Club, on 1 March.



ICE!

THOUSANDS OF sightseers, friends, and relations gathered at Southampton on Wednesday, 10 April 1912 to see the world's greatest liner, the *Titanic*, leave on her maiden voyage to New York. She slipped from the quay away from bunting, waving flags, and handkerchiefs, accompanied by the sound of squeakers, sirens, shouts, and cries. Did anyone hear the echo of the words: "God bless this ship and all who sail in her"?

Between her steel flanks the Edwardians, with that bizarre touch of the age, had blended the fantasy of the French chateau with the English country house of the great era, they had married a cathedral with a popular hotel. The reception room, with its Aubousson tapestries, its seventeenth century mixture of Hatfield and Knowle, its magnificent carvings after Grinling Gibbons. Artist plasterers had moulded the Jacobean ceiling in the largest room that ever floated on the seas.

In the freezing chambers were hundreds of thousands of pounds of beef, sufficient for a quarter of a million modern weekly rations, three thousand fresh eggs, fifty tons of potatoes, a thousand pounds of tea, twelve hundred quarts of cream, and sufficient glass, plate, and linen to supply a large town.

All this was remarkable indeed, but where her fame really lay was below the water line, with the revolutionary arrangement of bulkheads that made her "unsinkable".

As the great ship moved across the Atlantic, the passengers had little but praise for the fine April weather, but in the Marconi room Phillips and Bride began to pick up distant signals which spoke the dreaded word—*ice*.

Icebergs, Nature's lovely monsters,

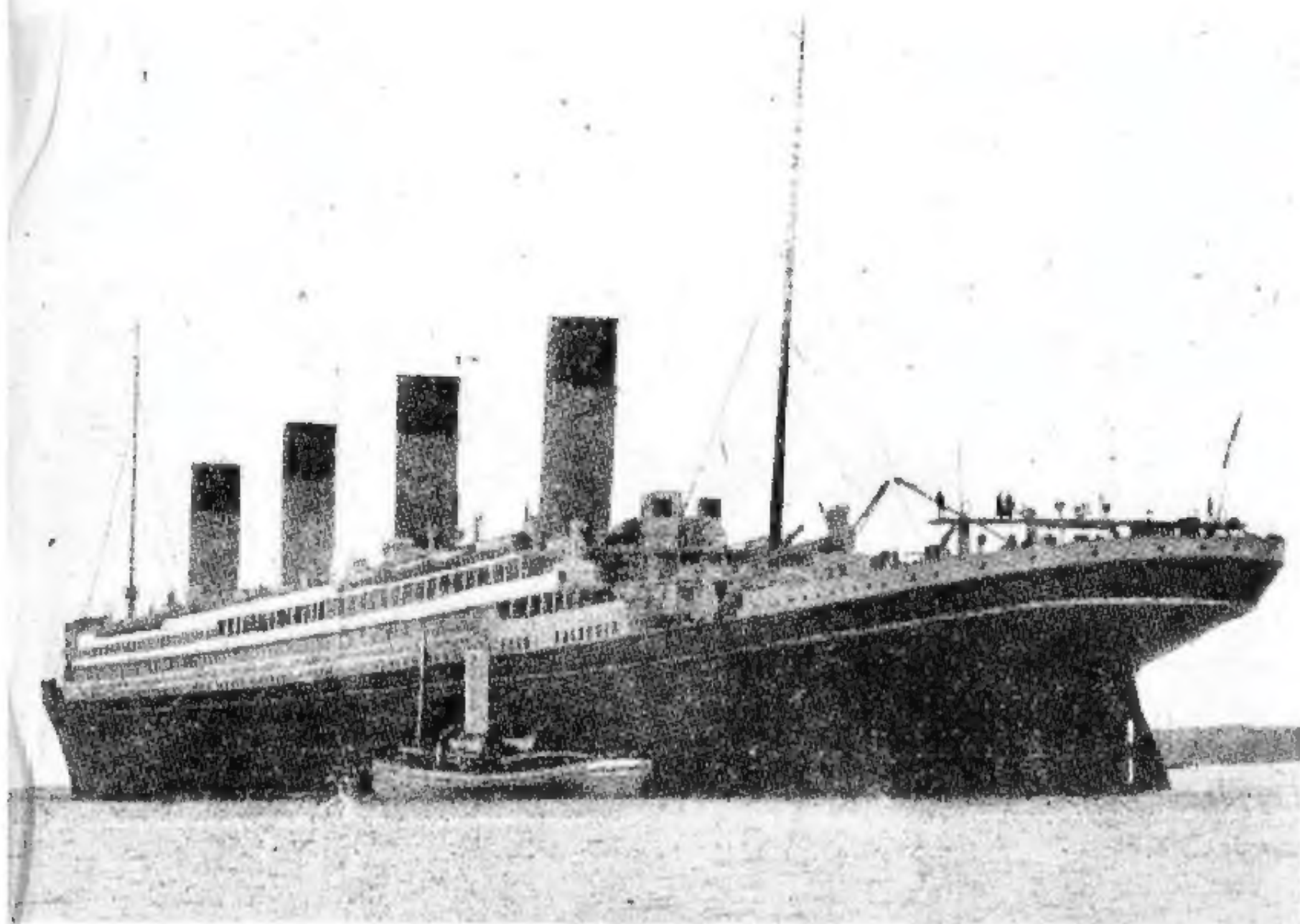
that gleam in the April sun like fairy islands or the pinnacles of Valhalla, dreamily and quietly moving down the current from the Arctic by Newfoundland and Cape Race where, meeting the east-going Gulf Stream, they melt and are lost in the waters of the Atlantic.

To the Marconi room, set behind the bridge, came abundant evidence that the icebergs had come further south than usual. The *Empress of Britain*, which had passed the *Titanic* on Friday, reported an immense quantity of floating ice in the neighbourhood of Cape Race. The *Carmania* and the *Nicaragua* which were going westward ahead of the *Titanic* had both become involved with ice, and the *Nicaragua* had sustained considerable damage. Hour by hour news came in from other ships commenting on the unusual southward flow of the icefield. Many of the passengers were hoping that they would meet with some and see the glorious mountain peaks sparkling in the sun, and the blue waves breaking on their crystal shores.

The Sunday came, and as the passengers strolled along the decks, filling their lungs with the balmy April air before going down to the saloon for the traditional morning service, the dread story of ice still came whispering through the ether to the listening ears of Jack Phillips. Unseen veteran sailors sent their warnings and told the *Titanic* that she was heading towards great floating hulks of ice.

At midday, the *Baltic* cautioned her that ice floated within five miles of her lane. At five o'clock she broadcast the second warning. The *Coronian*, *Parisian*, and *New Amsterdam* reported ice floes extending "as far to the north-east as the horizon is visible".

The *California*, in the vicinity towards



The Titanic leaving Southampton for her maiden voyage

which the *Titanic* was racing, wirelessly, "Passed one large iceberg, two more in sight to the southward". That was at 7.15 p.m. The *California* told the *Titanic* at 10.20 p.m., ship's time, that she was "stopped and surrounded by ice".

The passengers left the decks early that night and were glad to go into the big saloons, drawing rooms, and libraries and gather round the fire which brought protection from the sudden chill wind that blew from icy quarters that were, perhaps, closer than any of them imagined. The stars shone coldly in the ebony sky. Many people went to bed early. A few late birds sat reading or playing cards but the ship soon settled down for the night.

There was a sudden shudder. The engines stopped. Those who were awake wondered, those who were asleep turned restlessly in their beds. The sharp, urgent

clang of the engine room telegraph preceded a deep rumbling as powerful engines went full astern, stopped, started, then finally stopped, never to turn again.

Men and women in their pyjamas and dressing-gowns came sleepily out of their cabins and sauntered down the corridors towards the saloon. Bridge players looked questioningly at each other, but carried on with their game. Assurances were given that there was nothing to worry about so the majority returned to their cabins, little suspecting that in two and a half hours' time the "unsinkable" *Titanic* would lurch into an eternity three miles deep.

But Phillips and Bride knew what had caused the silence. The mammoth of the seas, pounding at full speed towards her destination, had run into a death trap. She had struck ice. They were not



John Phillips, chief wireless operator of the Titanic

worried because of their unshakeable faith in the ship herself, and it came as a surprise to them when ten minutes later Captain Smith ordered them to send the call for assistance.

Phillips gripped the key. His wrist moved up and down. Uncanny shadows danced on the wall in the light of the spark flashes as they leaped across the gap.

"Come at once, we have struck a 'berg. It is a CQD, OM."

"Send SOS" suggested Harold Bride, the twenty-two-year-old junior operator, "it's a new signal and it may be your last chance to send it."

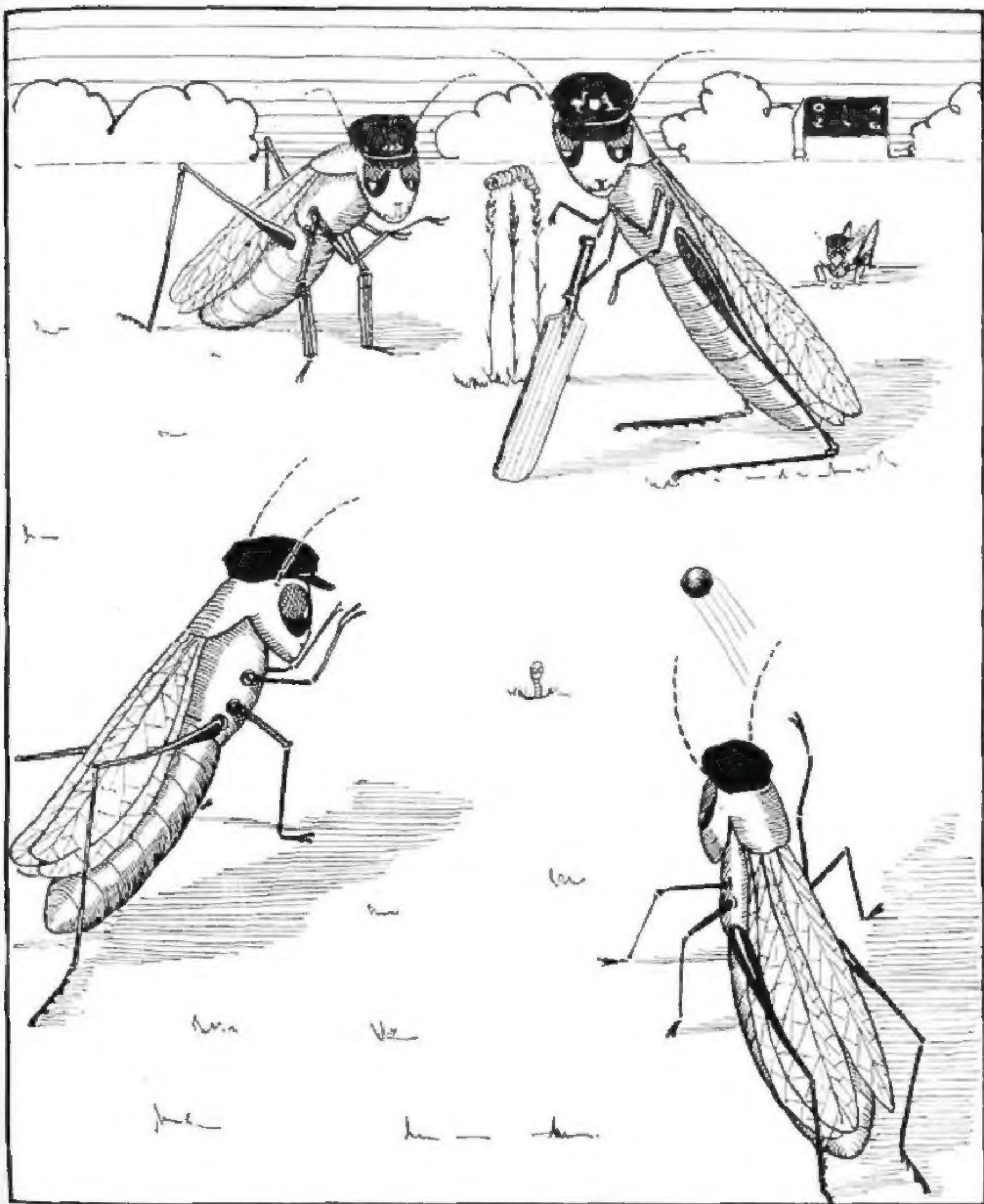
Phillips went on: "CQD, SOS. From MGY. We have struck a 'berg. Sinking fast. Come to our assistance. Position, latitude 41.416, North longitude, 50.14, West, MGY."

The *Frankfurt* answered, so did the *Carpathia*. Bride ran to the deck, wormed his way through the crowd of scrambling men and women to tell the captain that the *Carpathia* was heading for the scene.

Five minutes later, at 11.55 p.m., Captain Smith entered the wireless room—the only link between life and death. "What are you sending?" he asked. "CQD", replied Phillips. The engine rooms were flooding, the wireless growing weaker. The ship lurched and settled with a forward list, and everything and everybody slid, slipped, and grabbed anything to save themselves from falling into the icy water which was now close to the upper boat deck.

The *Olympic* heard that the *Titanic* was sinking by the head. By midnight the last rafts had gone and the boat deck was awash, but Phillips, wrapped in a greatcoat, continued to send his signals for help. At 1.27 a.m. the water, which had been flooding the wireless, deadened its spark of life, and all communication with the outside world had gone. At 2.20 the ship's band was still playing a rag-time tune, when the ship gave a curious shudder. The lights went out. Several pistol shots were heard and a great screaming arose from the decks. The great stern lifted into the air and there was a tremendous explosion. The ship righted herself for a short time, then seemed to stand on end as her stern rose a hundred feet almost perpendicularly and stood out against the sky like a hideous black finger. A minute or two later, amidst terrifying screams of horror, the *Titanic* plunged drunkenly to her deep, cold grave. For a moment an awful silence hung over the angry face of the water, and then to the unfriendly skies arose the pitiful whimpers and last cries of man in his weakest moment. From this scene 703 survivors rowed away into the vast Atlantic to an unseen salvation brought to them by a man who lay dead in one of the boats, John George Phillips.

A salute from the past seemed to whisper to them over the icy bitter waters of the North Atlantic—"God bless this ship and all who sail in her".



Extract from THE NEWS CHRONICLE

CRITICS HIT AT M.C.C.

"R. S. Whittington in the Sunday Sun says: 'This match rarely reached the standard of an average Sydney grade fixture. There are at least twenty batsmen in Australia unable to reach the Australian Test side who would have looked more like Test cricketers than Sheppard, Parkhouse, Dewes, and Close did against a moderate country attack'."



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